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T H E

I N F E R N O

O F

D A N T E

T R A N S L A T E D.



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L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXXII.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

SIR EDWARD WALPOLE

THIS TRANSLATION OF THE

INFERNO OF DANTE

IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED.

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T H E  
 I N F E R N O  
 O F  
 D A N T E  
 T R A N S L A T E D.

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C A N T O I.

WHEN in my middle Stage of Life, I found  
 Myself entangl'd in a wood obscure,  
 Having the right path miss'd: but to relate  
 The horrid wildness of that rugged wood  
 5 Renews a dread, which that of death itself  
 Can scarce exceed: yet I will first recount  
 Those things I met with, ere I shall declare  
 The salutary good I after found.  
 How I came in it I can't well explain,  
 10 So much had Sleep my faculties of mind  
 Confus'd, when I abandon'd the true way.  
 Arriving at a Mountain's foot, whose base  
 Bounded the valley which had fill'd my heart  
 With fear before unfelt, I looked up,  
 15 And saw its top cloathed with shining Rays  
 Of that bright Planet which the right way shews.

B

Then

Then somewhat was my fearful Heart appeas'd ;  
 The night in greatest anguish having spent.  
 As he who, just recover'd from a storm,

20 Near breathless from the sea, attains the shore,  
 Turns back to view the per'lous waves escap'd ;  
 My mind, while yet I ran, oft on the road  
 Reflected, in which none were left alive.  
 My body having with some rest refresh'd,

25 I took my way along the barren Strand ;  
 The foot supporting me being still behind.  
 From the Hill's first ascent a Panther rush'd,  
 Both light and nimble, with her spotted hide :  
 She never left me, nor was out of sight ;

30 But so obstructed my desir'd way,  
 That I was oft resolv'd to turn my course.  
 'Twas now the early Morn, and the Sun rose  
 Among those Stars which him accompanied,  
 When first the universal Frame was put

35 In motion by th' all-pow'rful Love divine.  
 This time of day, and season of the year  
 Gave me some hope that I should her subdue,  
 Myself adorning with her beauteous spoils.  
 It prov'd not so : for soon engag'd my fear

40 A Lion tow'rds me running, who, with head  
 Erect, and raging hunger unappeas'd,  
 Struck dread into the circumambient air.  
 Besides, a famish'd Wolf appear'd, whose jaws  
 Are greedy after ev'ry thing she views ;

45 And who, on many, lives of anguish brings :  
 My spirits so at her dire visage funk,  
 That I to mount the wish'd-for hill despair'd.  
 Like him who in acquiring wealth is pleas'd ;  
 If by some accident he loses it,

50 Deeply he grieves, and mournfully laments.  
 Impetuous, with approaching steps sh' advanc'd,  
 And push'd me where the bright Sun ne'er appears.  
 While I was falling to th' Abyss below,  
 I saw one who was by long silence hoarse.

55 Have pity on me, in this desert, then  
 I cry'd, whate'er you be, or Shade or Man..  
 He answer'd thus: I am not now a Man,

As formerly I was, my Parents both  
Were Lombards, and in Mantua they were born.

60 Ere Julius govern'd I began to breathe ;  
And under good Augustus liv'd at Rome  
(A time when Doctrines of false Gods prevail'd)  
A poet farm'd, and sung the pious Son  
Of old Anchises, who arriv'd from Troy,

65 When losty Ilion was consum'd in flames.  
But why return you to this place of woe ?  
Why the delightful Hill ascend you not,  
Which is the source and cause of ev'ry joy ?  
With modesty I then to him reply'd :

70 Are you that Virgil, You that copious Spring  
Of Eloquence, which many streams supplies ?  
O Light and Honour of all other Bards,  
Regard the study, and the ardent love  
With which I have attended to your works.

75 You are my Master ; you are only He  
On whom I've form'd that beauty of my style  
Which fame and honour to my verse has brought.  
Behold the Beast who caus'd me to turn back ;  
Defend me from her with your counsel sage,

80 For my whole frame yet trembles at her sight.  
Best 'tis for you to take another way,  
He answer'd when he saw my falling tears,  
If you'd escape out of this desert wild.  
This raging Beast, which here you so much dread,

85 Permits not any to pass on their way,  
And never leaves them 'till their death she gains :  
Her nature so perversely is dispos'd,  
That she ne'er satisfies her greedy will ;  
But with each meal her hunger is increas'd.

90 Many the Animals with which she has,  
And many more she will associate with,  
'Till a staunch Hound shall hunt her c'en to death,  
Who will between each Feltro take his birth.  
Or landed property, or Metals rare

95 Delight not him ; but he alone is pleas'd  
With Virtue, and with gen'ral Love humane  
He shall of humble Italy become  
The Head supreme, for which Camilla fell,

Turnus, and Nisus with his faithful friend.

100 Through ev'ry city he shall give her chace,  
'Till he shall drive her back to Hell, from whence  
Envy first sent her to torment mankind.

Wherefore I think, and judge it best that you  
Should follow me, and I will be your Guide

105 From hence to places of eternal woe,  
Where you shall hear the wailings of despair,  
And see the Ghosts of former times lament,  
Who eagerly request a second death.  
Yet some in Fire contentedly remain,

110 Trusting that they shall in a proper time  
At th' happy Regions of the Bleſſ'd arrive.  
If your desire it is to these attain,  
A Shade, more worthy far than I can prove,  
Shall you attend, when I from you depart.

115 That Emperor divine who reigns above  
(As always I have not obey'd his Laws)  
Will not that I should to his City go,  
Where he with power absolute commands :  
O happy He who there's allow'd to dwell !

120 I answer'd then ; You, Poet, I request,  
By that Divinity you never knew,  
So that I may this ill and worse escape,  
That you would lead me to the promis'd place  
Where I the wretches may lamenting see,

125 And view the Gate that is by Peter kept.  
He then went on, and I him follow'd near.

## C A N T O II.

THE Day was past, and now the shade of night  
 From various toils all animals releas'd ;  
 When I alone prepared to sustain  
 The great fatigues of a laborious way,  
 5 And those in torments to commiserate ;  
 As I shall now delineate with truth.

O Muses, O my lofty Genius join'd  
 With Memory, to transcribe what I saw,  
 Assist : so shall your pow'rs immense appear.

10 You, Poet, who are now become my Guide,  
 Examine whether I dare undertake  
 Th' infernal journey, 'fore I it attempt.  
 You say that Sylvius' parent, which alive,  
 Descended to th' immortal Seats below :

15 Him the opposite of every Ill  
 Esteemed worthy of this favour bland,  
 The Race well knowing that from him would spring,  
 He having in empyreal Heav'n been  
 Elected Father of immortal Rome,

20 In which establish'd is the holy place  
 Where the Successor of great Peter sits.  
 Aeneas in those Regions was foretold  
 Of his victorious arms, in consequence  
 Of which, the papal Mantle there is worn,

25 And the great Vessel of Election went  
 Where to his Faith more strength he might acquire,  
 Which to Salvation is a certain path.  
 Yet I, should I to thither go attempt ?  
 For I am not Aeneas, nor yet Paul ;

30 Unworthy in my own and others thoughts.  
 If I should then on this design resolve,  
 Of its success I apprehensive am :  
 Therefore determine you, for you are wise.  
 As he who what he first resolv'd rejects,

35 And by some fresher reasons is induc'd  
 Wholly to lay aside his first intent;  
 So I, now in the Mountain's shade arriv'd,  
 Refus'd th' attempt which I at first desir'd.  
 If I your words have rightly understood,  
 40 Replied the Shade magnanimous, your Mind  
 Is stagger'd with distrust, which oft perverts  
 A good design with honour first begun:  
 As frequently the shadow of a beast  
 Appears more horrid than the form itself.

45 That from this fear you may yourself remove,  
 I'll tell you why I came, and what I heard  
 When first I knew of your unhappy state.  
 I one of those was who suspended were  
 Between Hell's torments and the bliss of Heav'n.

50 A Maid call'd to me, beautiful and young,  
 The Lustre of whose Eyes outshone the Stars;  
 To me command I then requested her;  
 Thus she began with an angelic voice:  
 " O courteous Shade of Mantua, of whom

55 " The fame through all the world is now dispers'd,  
 " And will continue while this doth exist;  
 " My real Friend, and not by chance become,  
 " Is so obstructed in the desert Strand,  
 " That Fear almost compels him to return.

60 " Perhaps too late it is to now attempt  
 " Him to relieve, so much his way h'as mist,  
 " According to reports in Heav'n rise.  
 " To him assist with your great Eloquence  
 " Yet try, that I may consolation have.

65 " I Beatrice am nam'd who you request;  
 " And to return from whence I came desire.  
 " Love brought me thence, and now inspires my tongue.  
 " When I again before my Lord appear,  
 " Of you I'll speak, and often will commend."

70 She then was silent, and I thus reply'd:  
 " O virtuous Maid, by whose kind help alone  
 " Mortals do here all happiness enjoy,  
 " Where in the lesser Circle we're confin'd.  
 " So eager your command I'm to obey,

75 " That I appear, ere yet receiv'd, remiss:

" Nor

" Nor need you further your desire declare.  
 " But the cause tell me of your steep descent  
 " Down to this Centre, from that space immense  
 " Whither you are desirous to return."

80 " Since you would know from others what's conceal'd;  
 " I'll relate to you in few words," she said,  
 " Why fear deters me not from ent'ring there.  
 " Those things alone we should regard with dread,  
 " By whose dire pow'r we may some ill receive,

85 " Not others, as they give no cause for fear.  
 " By God's great favour I am formed such,  
 " That what may you affect offends not me;  
 " Nor can I suffer in that flaming Gulph."  
 " In Heaven's a noble Lady who laments

90 " That in the passage to the place you're sent,  
 " You should, unmeriting, impeded be:  
 " She Lucia thus in your behalf address'd;  
 " Your faithful Servant your assistance wants,  
 " Go therefore to him, and afford him aid.

95 " Lucia, a foe to ev'ry cruel act,  
 " Came to the place where I with Rachel sat,  
 " And said, O Beatrice, by God belov'd,  
 " Why not assist who you so much ador'd,  
 " And by your aid the vulgar herd has left?

100 " Do you not hear his piteous complaints,  
 " His strenuous efforts, do you not behold,  
 " To combat Death upon the waves of Vice?  
 " None in the world e'er moved with such speed,  
 " To gain advantage, or to fly from ill,

105 " As I, so soon as I these words had heard.  
 " I left my happy seat, and to you come,  
 " Confiding in that eloquence, which both  
 " Honour to you, and those who hear you gives."

Her bright eyes, weeping then, she turn'd away:

110 This gave me ardour to relieve your grief,  
 And you deliver from the raging Wolf,  
 When she prevented you the Mount t'ascend.  
 Whence is it then? Why, why do you oppose?  
 Why does such cowardise debase your heart?

115 Why proper courage do you not assume?  
 Since three such heav'ly Ladies you protect,

And

And recommend to the celestial Court :  
Besides the promise I give you myself.

As Flowers nipt by a nocturnal frost,

120 Drooping, decline, and close their op'ning buds ;  
But when they're cherish'd by th' enliv'ning Sun,  
They raise their heads, and beauties full display ;  
Fresh courage at these words my heart assail'd,  
And thus, with ardour, I to him reply'd ;

125 O, how compassionate was she, and you  
How courteous, to immediately obey  
Her mandates kind, which she to give was pleas'd :  
So great desire you have in me inspir'd,  
That I am eager to renew the task.

130 Go then; one Will alone directs us both ;  
For you my Leader, Lord, and Master are.  
Then enter'd I the steep and dreary path.

## C A N T O III.

“ **T**HROUGH me you to the doleful City go;  
 “ Through me you go where is eternal Grief;  
 “ Through me you go among the Sinners damn'd.  
 “ With strictest justice is this portal made,  
 5 “ By Power, Wisdom, and by Love divine.  
 “ Nothing before me e'er created was;  
 “ Unless eternal, as I also am.  
 “ Ye who here enter to return despair.”  
 Obscurely written o'er a Gate I saw  
 10 These words; the sense of which seem'd too severe.  
 My prudent Master me then thus address'd;  
 Suspect not here that any thing is wrong.  
 It's proper now that Fear should be extinct.  
 W're to that place you've been inform'd of come,  
 15 Where you will those lamenting wretches see,  
 Who have in vicious lives their God forgot.  
 And then he kindly put his hand on mine,  
 Giving me comfort with a look of joy,  
 And shew me sights within unknown above.  
 20 There Sighs, and Cries, and horrid Howlings mix'd  
 With Shrieks, re-echo'd through the starless air,  
 Which frequent tears of pity from me drew.  
 Variety of tongues, reproaching Taunts,  
 Words grief expressing, Accents full of ire,  
 25 Voices both loud and hoarse, and clapping Hands  
 Rais'd in that dusky air a tumult wild,  
 Like to the sand when by a whirlwind toss'd.  
 Then I, with horror struck, O Master, said,  
 Inform me who these are with grief o'erwhelm'd.  
 30 These doleful Beings, he reply'd, have liv'd  
 In Indolence, without or blame or praise.  
 Angels are mix'd with this unhappy band,  
 Who neither Rebels, nor yet faithful were  
 To God, but liv'd sequestred by themselves.

35 These Heav'n discarded for being too remiss,  
 Nor did e'en Hell this lukewarm herd receive ;  
 That Favour might not to the damn'd be shewn.  
 What was the cause, I then my Master ask'd,  
 That such loud Lamentations from them forc'd :

40 Who briefly thus return'd ; These have no hope  
 Of Death, but wish for any lot than their's ;  
 Having so blindly led their lives in sloth.  
 'The World knows nothing of them, and alike  
 Mercy, and Justice their supineness scorn ;

45 Speak not; but view them only, and pass on.  
 A Standard then borne rapidly around  
 I saw, and follow'd by a longer train  
 Than I had thought that Death had e'er subdu'd.  
 These I examin'd, and among the croud

50 Discern'd the Shade of him who, struck with fear  
 Of governing, the great refusal made.  
 This wretched crew I soon knew to be those  
 Who God displeased, and his Enemies :  
 And to have liv'd could scarcely be allow'd.

55 They naked were, and stung by gnats and wasps.  
 Blood mix'd with tears ran down their harrow'd cheeks,  
 Which at their feet was lick'd by loathsome worms.  
 When I my eyes held up, and farther look'd,  
 I saw a throng on the great River's bank :

60 And said, Permit me, Master, now to know  
 Who these may be, and why so eagerly  
 They thus endeavour to the river pass,  
 As I do by this gloomy Light perceive.  
 'This shall be told to you, he then replied,

65 When we the joyless shore of Ach'ron gain.  
 Fearing that I improperly had spoke,  
 Downward I bent my eyes 'till there we came.  
 Lo, rowing tow'rds us was one white with age,  
 And bawling out, " Woe to you Souls deprav'd,

70 " Heaven expects not you e'er more to see ;  
 " I come to wast you to another coast,  
 " Where are eternal Darkness, Heat, and Frost.  
 " And you, Sir, there, who yet do live and breathe,  
 " Get hence from these, for they are now deceas'd."

75 But when he saw I did not from them move,

" You

“ You by some other way,” he said, “ may pass,  
 “ A lighter Vessel will you better suit.”  
 My Leader then; “ Caron, do not torment  
 “ Yourself, nor trouble us with asking more;  
 80 “ For who would this, can do whate’er he wills.”  
 Then quiet were become the hoary cheeks  
 Of the fell Boatman of the livid marsh,  
 Whose eyes were swimming in a scalding rheum.  
 Those Souls, dismayed and which naked were,  
 85 Chang’d to a pallid hue, and gnash’d their teeth,  
 Soon as they heard his hoarse and cruel words.  
 God and their parents they alike blasphem’d,  
 Cursing all human kind, the time, the seed  
 From whence they sprang, and of their birth the place.  
 90 They crowded then, with horrid yells and loud,  
 Close to the cursed shore of bliss devoid:  
 Where ev’ry Mortal waits who fears not God.  
 Caron the fiend, with eyes like burning coals,  
 Hails them together, and, if any stray,  
 95 He drives them close with his relentless oar.  
 Thick as in autumn fall the tumbling leaves,  
 One on each other pressing, ‘till each tree  
 Sees all her spoils lie scatter’d on the ground.  
 So Adam’s wicked Sons obey his call  
 100 In clouds, as does the Hawk the Fale’ners lure,  
 And themselves headlong throw from off the bank:  
 Yet ere they’re huddled in the crazy bark,  
 A fresh recruit of Ghosts their room supplies.  
 My Son, to me my courteous Master said,  
 105 All those who have incur’d the wrath of God  
 Assemble in this place, whence C’er they come:  
 And they are eager to this river pass,  
 Justice divine them spurring to this act,  
 Fear being changed now into desire.  
 110 None go this way who what is good pursue;  
 Therefore of you if Caron now complains,  
 You must confess it’s only as he thinks.

Then this dread Region with such trembling shook,  
That yet with fear I'm bathed in a sweat.

115 From out it's caverns gush'd a mighty wind,  
Join'd with bright flashes of vermillion hue :  
At this great shock I my sensations lost ;  
I fell, and was by a deep sleep o'ercome.

## C A N T O IV.

**B**Y a loud noise like thunder I was wak'd,  
And from my sleep arose as one disturb'd,  
With great attention I my eyes turn'd round,  
To view, and if I knew the place discern.

5 Myself I found transported to the Bank  
Of a deep vale resounding many a groan.  
So dark, and deep it was, and full of fogs,  
That I could nothing at the bottom see.

The Poet now, become all wan, began;  
10 Let us to the blind World below descend,

I will the first, and you shall second go.  
Having his paleness well observ'd, I said;  
How shall I come if you such fear express,  
Who us'd to comfort me in all my doubts?

15 The anguish of those wretches, he reply'd,  
Who cry below, paints in my face that tint  
Of Pity, which you apprehend is Fear.  
Let us go forward, for the way is long.

We enter'd then, with hast'ning steps and quick,

20 The upper Circle that surrounds th' Abyss.  
Loud Lamentations were not heard from thence,  
But heavy Sighs which trembled through the air:  
From th' anguish these of Mind, not Body, came  
Of many Infants, Women, and of Men.

25 You do not ask me, my kind Master said,  
What are these Spirits in this place you see;  
This you should know before we farther pass.  
These have not sinn'd; and though they had reward  
Deserv'd for their meritorious acts,

30 'Twould not avail, since they were ne'er baptiz'd;  
For this in your Belief's the Gate of Faith.  
They who have lived before Christ appear'd  
I have not with proper Prayers ador'd their God.  
And I myself, alas! am one of those.

35 For these defects, and not for any crime,  
 We're lost ; and, without other punishment,  
 We live defir'd, yet depriv'd of hope.  
 When I heard this, it much oppres'd my heart ;  
 As many of them of great worth I knew,

40 Whole Fate in Limbo undetermin'd was.  
 Tell me, my Master, tell me, Lord, I said,  
 That I may on uncertain faith depend,  
 Goes any from this place to that of Bliss,  
 Or by another's merit, or his own ?

45 He, who my covert way of speaking knew,  
 Reply'd ; I was 'mong these but lately come,  
 When I saw one all-powerful arrive,  
 Whose head was with victorious honours crown'd ;  
 The Shade of our first Parent he releas'd,

50 With those of Abel his beloved Son,  
 Of Noah, Moses for obedience fam'd  
 And Giver of the Law ; of Abraham  
 The Patriarch, of David the great King,  
 Of Israel, his Father, and his Sons,

55 With Rachaël for whom he serv'd so long,  
 And many others whom he happy made :  
 For, before this were sav'd no human Souls.  
 Then we together passed through the wood ;  
 The Wood I mean of closely crowding Ghosts,

60 We had not far from th' upper station gone,  
 When I a Fire saw that of th' hemisphere  
 Below, all darkn'is with its flames dispell'd ;  
 And, at some distance, many could discern,  
 But not distinctly, who claim'd great respect.

65 O, you who ev'ry Art and Science prize,  
 Say, who are these which have such fame acquir'd  
 That far removes them from the mean and base.  
 Their honourable names, he then replied,  
 Which in your World deservedly resound,

70 Are by the favour of kind Heaven gain'd.  
 Immediately by me a Voice was heard,  
 " Honour the loftiest poet that e'er sung."  
 His Shade, which had retir'd, was now return'd.  
 Soon as the voice had utter'd this great praise,

75 I saw four venerable Shades approach,

Who neither sorrow, nor yet joy express'd.  
 My Master then began; Observe, he said,  
 Him, who displays a drawn sword in his hand,  
 Advance, as Sire, before the other three;

80 This Homer is, the Leader of our choir;  
 Horace, the Satirist, then follows next,  
 Ovid's the third, and Lucan is the last.  
 These, who acknowledge what the Voice declar'd,  
 Pay to me that respect they think my due.

85 Uniting I the Followers then saw  
 Of the great Sov'reign of the lofty strain,  
 Who above others, like the Eagle, soars.  
 When they together had discours'd some time,  
 They, courteous, turn'd, and gave me a Salute,

90 At which my Master with great pleasure smil'd:  
 And farther Honours, unexpected, paid,  
 By placing me the sixth among their train.  
 Thus walk'd we forward to th' illumin'd spot,  
 Discoursing things there with propriety,

95 Which now it is far better to conceal.  
 We to the foot of a grand Castle came,  
 Seven times surrounded by its lofty walls,  
 Defended likewise by a running Brook.  
 This having pass'd, as if it were dry land,

100 I, with my learn'd companions, enter'd through  
 Its seven Gates, and in a meadow green  
 With verdure fresh, we several Shades beheld,  
 Whose great authority compell'd esteem,  
 Talking but seldom, yet with voices sweet.

105 Then to a corner of this open place,  
 Both luminous and lofty, we retir'd.  
 Where from a rising ground I could survey  
 Heroes who were for great achievement fam'd.  
 I saw Electra leading many Chiefs;

110 And Ilector, and Æneas bold in fight.  
 And armed Cæsar with his piercing eye.  
 Penthesilea, and Camilla were  
 Standing apart; Latinus the good King  
 There with Lavinia his daughter sat:

115 I Brutus who proud Tarquin had expell'd,  
 And chast Lucretia and Cornelia saw,

With Julia Pompey's, Martia Cato's wife ;  
 And Sall<sup>in</sup> secluded from the rest.

A litt'e more when I my eye-lids rais'd,  
 120 I the great Master view'd of those who sit  
 Teaching their art in philosophic schools :  
 All him admire, all him do honour pay.  
 Next him stood Socrates with Plato join'd :  
 Democritus, who taught the World was made  
 125 By chance, Diogenes the Cynic proud,  
 Thales, and Anexagoras, were there :  
 Zeno, Empedocles, and he who wept  
 For the misfortunes that attend mankind,  
 And Dioscorides I saw, who cull'd  
 130 The salutary herbs for med'cine fit,  
 And Orpheus, Linus, Tully, Seneca  
 The moral Sage, Euclid in Geometry,  
 And Ptolemy in the Earth's limits skill'd ;  
 With these Hippocrates and Galen were,  
 135 Great Avicen, and of him emulous  
 Averrois, who the large comment made.  
 Each name distinct I cannot here relate,  
 Prevented by my subject's extreme length,  
 Which causes oft me to my pow'r's distrust.

140 In this still air our company we left :  
 My sage Conductor to another place  
 Me led, where all was turbulent and dark ;  
 Nor scarce a glimm'ring light was there perceiv'd.

## C A N T O V.

**F**ROM the first Circle we descended down  
 To that which was of a more narrow space,  
 Where Pain from ev'ry one excited cries.  
 Horribly grinning Minos, standing there,  
 5 Examines at their entrance each one's crime,  
 Tries them, and passes judgment in their turns.  
 Whene'er a guilty Soul before him comes  
 It all confesses : He the proper place,  
 Well knowing, that of Hell's to be their due,  
 10 So many times his Tail around him twists,  
 As the Degrees to which he'd have it cast.  
 Many before him always ready stand,  
 Who forward come, and are in order tried ;  
 They plead, they're sentenc'd, and then turned down.  
 15 " O you who to this place of torments come,"  
 Minos, his office then suspending, said,  
 " Regard your entrance, and to whom you trust,  
 " Nor be you by the ample Gates deceiv'd."  
 To him my Guide ; " Why do you thus exclaim ?  
 20 " Prevent his passage not, by Fate ordain'd :  
 " For who would this, can do what e'er he wills.  
 " More obstacles it is not fit to raise."  
 Their loud complaining notes I now began  
 To hear, being at the place of woe arriv'd,  
 25 Deprived of all light; which bellows loud  
 Like the Sea toss'd about by adverse winds.  
 'Th' infernal Storm, which never is allay'd,  
 The Sprites tormented in its vortex whirls.  
 When they near the ruinous Gulph approach,  
 30 Their Lamentations, and their Shrikes are loud,  
 Blaspheming e'en Divinity itself.  
 These who such torments suffered, I learnt,  
 Were condemn'd to them for their carnal Sins,  
 Their Reason by their Passion being subdued.

D

And

35 And as the Birds, who at the first approach  
 Of cold, take wing, and gather in thick clouds,  
 So does the Storm these wretched Spirits drive,  
 From 'bove, below, and ev'ry side a-round.  
 They have no hope of ever being releas'd:

40 And e'en of lighter punishment despair.  
 Like to the Cranes, who, living in long trains,  
 The air disturb with their complaining rates,  
 These Spirits uttered their moaning griets.

I therefore said; O Master, who are these

45 That do so much this dingy Air molest?  
 The first of these, of whom you would inquire,  
 He said, was Empress of many tongues,  
 And many Nations govern'd; yet so prone  
 To Leachery become, that she was forc'd

50 By a new Law to justify her crime:  
 She is Semiramis, the wife belov'd  
 Of Ninus, and inherited those Lands  
 O'er which th' unrival'd Sultan now commands.  
 The next is she who slew herself for Love,

55 And to her fond Sichæus broke her faith.  
 Luxurious Cleopatra follows her.  
 Helen I saw, for whom so long time was  
 Ill spent in war; the great Achilles next,  
 Who conquer'd was at last by am'rous charms.

60 Paris, and Tristan, and a thoufand more  
 He shew me, whom Love had depriv'd of life.  
 When these were to me nain'd, I was o'ercome  
 With Pity, and I nearly swoon'd away.

I then; O Poet, willingly I'd speak

65 To both those who together come this way,  
 And seem to move far quicker than the wind.  
 He thus reply'd; When they shall nearer come,  
 Requesting by that Love which governs them,  
 You may that they shall come to you prevail.

70 Soon as the wind them to us wafted had,  
 I thus to them; " Unhappy souls, O now  
 " With us discourse, if nothing you prevents."  
 Like Doves, when they by fond desire are call'd,  
 With raised wings fly eager to their nests;

75 So these, leaving both Dido and her band,

Came swiftly tow'rs us through the foggy air;  
 Such power had with them affection's plea!

“ O mortal Man replete with Grace divine,  
 “ Who in this azure region visit us

80 “ That have desiled with our blood the world,  
 “ If by the universal King we were  
 “ Befriended, we would to him for you pray :  
 “ Since you comais'rare our unhappy lot,  
 “ We're ready to reply to what you ask :

85 “ Now that the wind is still to favour us.  
 “ The Land where I was born is on the shore  
 “ Plac'd, where the Po and all his rivulets  
 “ Run with their tributes smoothly to the sea.  
 “ Love, which possessest soon a courteous breast,

90 “ Seiz'd on my handsome Paramour, whose loss  
 “ I yet lament, reflecting on the act :  
 “ Love, which will always be by love repaid,  
 “ Caus'd me to that great pleasure in him take,  
 “ Which still possessest me, as you perceive.

95 “ Love brought us both to the like fatal end :  
 “ But Caina him expects who did this deed.”  
 These suff'ring Shades, when I knew who they were,  
 I on my breast declin'd my thoughtful head,  
 'Till Virgil of my meditations ask'd.

100 I thinking was, alas! on that dire end  
 To which they by their fond amours are brought.  
 Then to them turning, I, “ Francesca,” said,  
 “ Your torments move my pity, and draw tears :  
 “ But tell me, when your sighs and soft desires

105 “ Were yet uncertain of a due return,  
 “ What caus'd you to unlawful love permit ?”  
 “ No greater grief assails us” she replied,  
 “ Than in unhappy hours to recollect  
 “ A better time; and this your Teacher knows.

110 “ But if you still to learn the tender root  
 “ Request, from which our am'rous dalliance sprung,  
 “ However irksome, I will it relate.  
 “ Together we, for pleasure, one day read  
 “ How strikely LanceLOT was bound by love;

115 “ We then alone, without suspicion, were :  
 “ T'admire each other, often from the book

“ Our eyes were ta'en, and oft our colour chang'd;  
“ That w.s the point of time which conquer'd us,  
“ When, reading that her captivating smile  
120 “ Was by the Lover she adored kiss'd;  
“ This my Companion, always with me seen,  
“ Fearful, and trembling, alio kiss'd my mouth,  
“ The Writer, Gileotto, nam'd the Book,  
“ But from that day we never read in't more.”  
125 Daring one Spirit was relating this,  
So deeply did the other mourn, that I  
With pity swoon'd, and fell like a dead corse.

## C A N T O VI.

**W**HEN Understanding was to me restor'd,  
 Of which I had for some time been depriv'd  
 By those Relations' most unhappy loves,  
 New Torments and new Suff'fers I beheld,  
 5 Which way so'er I turn'd myself and look'd.  
     At the third Circle I was now arriv'd  
 Of Rain eternal, cold accrû'd and thick:  
 No change is ever here of weather known,  
 But Hail-stones large with filthy water mix'd;  
 10 And dirty Snow still flutters in the air  
 Of this dark P'it, which putrid earth imbibes.  
 Cerb'rûs, a beast implacable and fierce,  
 Incessant's barking with his triple throat  
 At the poor wretches who are here confin'd.  
 15 His eyes are firey red, his greasy Beard  
 Is black and nasty, and his Belly's swoln.  
 He the Sprites scratches with his hooked claws,  
 Flays off their skins, and into quarters tears;  
 And howls tremendous at the storming Rain.  
 20 Like frightened Dogs who for protection seek,  
 From side to side the Ghosts unhappy ran.  
 Soon as us Cerberus, this monster, saw,  
 He op'd his jaws, and shew us all his fangs;  
 And ev'ry limb in agitation mov'd.  
 25 My Guide, large handfuls taking up of earth,  
 Them into all his craving gullets threw.  
 Like as a Cur, who's eager for his food,  
 Rests quiet soon as his repast h'attains;  
 So of the daemон Cerb'rûs were appeas'd  
 30 The horrid jaws, which often, with their yells,  
 The Spirits stun, who now for deafness wish.  
     We passed through those Shades whom th' heavy Rain  
 Had driv'n together, and their vanity  
 Deplor'd, who'd seem alive when they were not.

All,

35 All, except one, lay scatter'd on the ground;  
 Who to a sitting posture rais'd himself,  
 When to be coming near he us observ'd.  
 " O you who're led to this infernal seat,"  
 To me he said, " confess that me you know;  
 40 " For you was born before that I was dead."  
 Then I to it replied; " Perhaps the pains  
 " You've suffer'd here, have so much chang'd your mien,  
 " That I'm uncertain if I e'er you saw:  
 " But tell me who you are, that in this filth  
 45 " Art put, than which none more disgusting is."  
 He said; " Your city which of Envy's now  
 " So full, that it o'erflows its usual bounds,  
 " Was my asylum, where, in better times,  
 " I by the name of Ciacco was well known.  
 50 " For the foul crime of Gluttony you see  
 " Me now by Rain reduc'd to this weak state.  
 " But I a mournful Shade am not alone;  
 " For all you here behold are of this fault  
 " Judg'd to be guilty: ' he then said no more.  
 55 " Ciacco," replied I, " your unhappy fate  
 " Draws tears of pity; tell me, if you can,  
 " How far will your divided City go,  
 " If any honest Man does there remain;  
 " And why so great a Discord has them seiz'd."  
 60 Thus he; " After a long contention had  
 " For sway, the adverse Pow'r's will come to blood;  
 " The savage Party 'll drive away its foe.  
 " But ere three solar Years have passed by,  
 " The other will with greater force prevail,  
 65 " Assisted by that Pow'r which yet delays.  
 " Long will they raise their lofty fronts aloft,  
 " And their opponents in submission keep;  
 " This I lament, and from my heart regret.  
 " Two honest Men there are, without regard.  
 70 " The three discording Sparks which have inflam'd  
 " Their hearts, are Envy, Pride, and Avarice."  
 He ended here his lamentable tale:  
 But I continued; " Still I'd from you know  
 " Where Farinata, and Arrigo are,  
 75 " With Tegghia, and with Rusticucci join'd,

" *Mosca,*

" Mosea, and others, who are men of worth;  
 " Tell me the place in which I them may find;  
 " For I to know most ardently desire  
 " If they're in Heav'n bl's'd, or curs'd in Hell."

80 " They are," said he, " among the blackest See.;  
 " Their faulty far outweighs their virtuous scale:  
 " If you should low descend, you'll see them there.  
 " But when you shall to the sweet world above  
 " Arrive, that you'll with favour of me speak

85 " I earnestly request:" he then askance  
 Look'd at me, and fell downward on his face,  
 Mixing with others in the filthy mire.  
 To me my Leader; These no more will rise,  
 Before the sound of the angelic Trump.

90 When they the pow'rful Enemy will see  
 Of wicked acts, then ev'ry one recourse  
 Will have unto their melancholy place  
 Of Sepulture, will reassume their flesh  
 And form, and their eternal Judgment hear.

95 With gentle steps we passed through these Shades,  
 And filthy mixture made of mire and rain;  
 Discoursing lightly on the future state.  
 Master, I said; When the grand Sentence 's pass'd,  
 Will an increase of punishment ensue,

100 Or will't continue thus, or less become.  
 Return to your Philosophy, he said,  
 By which you're taught, that the more perfect are  
 More sensible of good, as well as ill.  
 And this unhappy Crew expect not e'er

105 That they at true perfection shall arrive;  
 But that their Suff'rings will be more severe  
 After the dreadful Sentence than before.  
 Discoursing more than I do here relate,  
 We travell'd round the path, 'till we arriv'd

110 Whence we descended to a lower place,  
 Where we found Pluto, foe of human kind.

## C A N T O VII.

**O**SATAN, Satan, Oh alas ! exclaim'd  
 Pluto, expressing both surprize and dread.  
 But the wise Gentile, who did all things know,  
 Said chearfully ; Be not by fear dismay'd ;  
 5 For all the Power which by him's posseſſ'd  
 Cannot prevent you in your steep descent.  
 Then to the Fiend with pride inflated said ;  
 Peace, cruel Wolf, and flishe all your rage :  
 'Tis not without authority we here  
 10 Are come ; for thus it is ordain'd above,  
 Where Michaël subdued the Rebels proud.  
 As Sails, when swollen by ſome boiſt'rous wind,  
 Fall o'er the board if e'er the Mast is broke ;  
 So to the earth this cruel Tyrant fell.  
 15 To the fourth diſtrict we descended then,  
 Which all the wicked in itſelf ingulphs.  
 Great is God's Justice ; as increaſe with Crimes  
 Their Punishments, which here I many ſaw :  
 But why do we encourage this increaſe ?  
 20 As in Charibdis, when the waves are dash'd  
 Againſt thoſe hurled from th' opponent ſhore ;  
 So, many I tumultuously engag'd  
 Saw in this place : theſe 'gainſt each other roll'd  
 Lumps vast and heavy, with their lab'ring Breasts :  
 25 They met and claſh'd : then roll'd them back again ;  
 Bawling aloud, Why hoard ye ? Why d'ye ſpend ?  
 This they repeated with continual toil,  
 And their loud Bawling, when they met, renew'd :  
 Returning alwaſs to the like confeſt.  
 30 My heart becoming with compassion pierc'd,  
 I aſk'd my Maſter who theſe people were,  
 And whether all were Church-men whom we ſaw  
 With ſhaven Crowns, on our ſinifer ſide.  
 He ſaid ; All things perversly, when alive,

Then

35 These view'd, and never govern'd their expence;  
 Lavishly living, or with too great thirst.  
 Loud barks their voice when e'er they juggling meet  
 At the two Points from which they must return.  
 These Clergy were, whose heads are cover'd not

40 With hair, or Popes or Cardinals, to whom  
 Av'rice superfluous was, for they'd no Heirs.  
 Then I replied; Some should be known to me  
 Among so many spotted with these crimes.  
 Your hope is vain, he said, for they their lives

45 Without one meritorious act have spent;  
 They're consequently totally unknown.  
 To the two Shocks eternally they'll push.  
 Some, rising from their tombs, will keep their hands  
 Shut fast, and some will rise with hair shorn close.

50 Giving or keeping with imprudence has  
 Expell'd them life, and driven to this place  
 Of contest, which no words can pleasant make.  
 Therefore, my Son, the vanity you may  
 Of Fortune's gifts perceive, for which Mankind

55 Raise such a bustle, and so much contend.  
 Not all the Gold which is beneath the moon,  
 Or which was by these wretched Souls possess'd,  
 Could ever satisfy their craving minds.

Tell to me also, Master, then I said,

60 What is this Fortune of which you discourse,  
 Who the world's goods disposes as she wills?  
 He then to me; O Mortals without sense,  
 How great's the Ignorance that you possess!  
 Listen attentively to what I say.

65 He, whose great wisdom ev'ry thing transcends,  
 The Heavens fram'd, and placed over them  
 Those who should govern and conduct their course,  
 And make each part with equal lustre shine;  
 He in like manner over worldly Goods

70 Appointed one, with power to transfer  
 To other Nations Gifts enjoy'd by these,  
 And ev'ry Family's Possessions change;  
 In opposition to all human schemes:  
 This with imperious sway commands, and that

75 Submits, obedient to her strict ordain,

Which lies conceal'd, as Snakes in verdant grass.  
 Your Wisdom can't in competition come  
 With her's, for she foresees, and Judgment gives,  
 And executes her pow'r, like other Gods.

80 Her permutations never have a truce.  
 Necessity compells her motion swift ;  
 Quickly she flies, and quick returns again :  
 And this is she who is so oft accrû'd,  
 Even by those who should commend her acts,  
 85 Blaming her wrongly with ungrateful taunts :  
 But she is happy, and she hears them not.  
 Like other Beings who were early form'd,  
 Her Sphere she governs, and enjoys her bliss.

T 'a place of greater pity let us now  
 90 Descend ; for ev'ry Star's already set  
 That shone in its meridian, when we first  
 Sat out ; we should not therefore here delay.  
 We on the other side the Circle came,  
 Above a Spring which boils up and subsides,  
 95 And went along the Fosse which it had form'd.  
 The water rather dull than cœrule was ;  
 In company of this slow stream we went.  
 A Marsh it makes known by the name of Styx,  
 The Riv'let now becoming grey and thick.

100 And I, who them did stedfastly behold,  
 Saw many naked in the miry Fen,  
 Whose countenances were with anger red.  
 These did not with their hands alone engage,  
 But with their heads, and breasts, and feet ;  
 105 And with their teeth themselves in pieces torc.  
 My Master kind then said ; My Son, you see  
 The Ghosts of those whom Anger triumph'd o'er :  
 Others, likewise, beneath the water are,  
 Who through it, grieving, send their bubbling sighs ;  
 110 As your eyes tell you where so e'er you look.  
 Fix'd in the mire they sing, " When the sweet air  
 " We breath'd, which is enliven'd by the sun,  
 " In heaviness and sloth we then indulg'd :  
 " But in this black and torpid slime we now

" Lament,

115 " Lament, and gurgle through our throats this dirge :  
" Not able here our words distinct to speak."  
Along the way encircling the thick Slough  
We went, the marsh and the dry bank between ;  
Turning our eyes to those who swallow'd mire :  
120 And at a Tower's foot at last arriv'd.

## C A N T O VIII.

PURSUING my discourse. Soon as we at  
 The losty Tower's foot arrived were,  
 We lifted up towards its top our eyes,  
 And two lights saw display'd, as signs to one  
 5 Which, by its distance, barely was discern'd.  
 Then, turning to the Sea of knowledge, I  
 Said ; What means these, and what that other Light ?  
 And who are they that do these flames illum'e ?  
 You, he replied, already may percieve  
 10 What you desire to know ; 'less Vapours thick,  
 Rising from off the Marsh, obstruct your view.  
 Swift as an Arrow from the Bowstring flies,  
 Cutting the air, I saw a little Bark  
 Skim o'er the waters, and direct its course  
 15 Tow'rds us, which guided was by one alone,  
 Who cried aloud ; " Are you, fell Shade, arriv'd ?"  
 " O Phlegyas, Phlegyas, you complain in vain ;"  
 My Lord, reproving, said ; " for nothing more  
 " You've now to do, than pass us o'er this slough."  
 20 As one who for a wrong receiv'd bemoans,  
 His wrath so Phlegyas stifled in his breast.  
 The Bark my Guide then enter'd, and me caus'd  
 To follow, which seem'd loaded with my weight ;  
 And deeper, than with other freight, was sunk.  
 25 Whilst we were running through the standing Pool,  
 One cover'd o'er with dirt thus me address'd :  
 " Tell who you are who come before your time."  
 " Although I'm come, 'tis not here to remain,"  
 I to him said ; " But who are you bedaub'd  
 30 " With mire thus ? " You see a plaining Ghost ;"  
 He in reply, and I to him return'd ;  
 " Spirit accus'd, with your complaints depart ;  
 " For you I know thus wretchedly disguis'd."  
 Then both his hands towards the boat he stretch'd ;

35 From whence my prudent Master drove him off,  
Commanding him with other Dogs to herd.  
My neck he then incircled with his arms,  
Kissed my face, and said; My worthy Friend,  
Disdaining all that's ill, she blessed is,

40 Who such an Offspring as yourself brought forth.  
This in the world was arrogant and proid;  
Nothing that's good his memory adorns:  
Raging with Pride his Ghost e'en here is seen.  
How many Kings were thought of high renown,

45 Who wallow in this marsh, like Hogs in mire,  
Leaving their horrid characters behind!  
Master, I said, much pleasure it would give  
To see him in this filthy lake immers'd:  
And he to me; Before you shall discern

50 The other shore, you'll your desire attain.  
Soon the drear Ghosts who dwelt in mire I saw  
Tear off his flesh, and whelm him in the mud:  
For which I yet return God thanks and praise.  
Philip Argenti all with shouts attack'd:

55 The haughty Florentine with arrogance  
Turned away, and gnash'd his teeth with Ire.  
We left him there deserving no more note.  
With fresh complaining were my ears now struck,  
Which caus'd me eager to stretch ope my eyes:

60 My Master said; We now approach at last,  
My Sou, near to the City nam'd from Dis,  
Inhabited by many suff'ring Souls.  
Already I discern, said I, its Mosques  
Of a red colour, as if burnt by fire.

65 This, said He, by the Conflagration's caus'd,  
Which flames eternal in this lower Hell.  
In the deep Trenches we were now arriv'd,  
That circled round of consolation void  
A place with walls which seem'd of Iron forin'd.

70 Not without rowing much about, we came  
Close to the shore; when bawl'd the pilot loud,  
" Get out, for this the place of entrance is."  
More than a thousand Dæmons, who were driv'n  
From Heav'n as thick as rain, about the Gates

75 I saw, these cried with angry voice; " Who's this  
" Comes to the region of the dead, alive?"

My prudent Master then a signal made,  
 That he would speak to them in privacy.  
 Their rage this somewhat stilled, and they said ;

80 " Come you alone, but let that other go,  
 " Our Kingdom who so rashly enter'd has :  
 " Let that great fool return alone, if e'er  
 " His way he can recover ; while you here  
 " Remain, who've led him through such dismal paths."

85 Judge, Reader, whether I discomfited  
 Was not, at hearing these vile sounding words,  
 Which made me think return I never should.  
 O my dear Guide, by whom I oft have been  
 From dangers freed to which I was expos'd,

90 Leave me not thus disheartened, I said,  
 If it is farther to advance denied,  
 Together quickly let us yet return.  
 Fear not, said he, to none is power giv'n  
 To stop our journey, or to us molest :

95 Wait for me here ; your spirits faint become,  
 Comfort receive, reviv'd with hope benign ;  
 Forsake you I will not in this low world.  
 I then was there by my kind Father left,  
 With many thoughts contending in my mind,

100 Whether he would or not again come back.  
 The words he to them spake I could not hear ;  
 But long he did not with them stay ; in haste  
 Our Adversaries ran within the walls,  
 And shut the Gates against my Master's breast.

105 He to me with slow steps return'd, his Eyes  
 Fix'd on the ground ; his Eye-brows smooth express'd  
 No courage, but with sighs he said ; Who has  
 Denied me entrance in this house of woe ?  
 Do not desp'nd, 'though you me angry see,

110 For I shall overcome their bold attempt  
 To keep me out : nor does this arrogance  
 Now first appear, for they it practis'd  
 At a less private Gate, which still without  
 A Lock remains, and over which you read

115 Th' Inscription writ with some obscurity.  
 Having now passed on, we see descend  
 The craggy Steep, and down the Circles come  
 One without Guide, to whom all Gates are ope.

## C A N T O IX.

MY Guide, perceiving me turn pale with Fear,  
 Endeavour'd his own passion to conceal ;  
 He stopt, as one who listens, for he nought  
 Could through the vapours black and thick discern.

5 We should ourselves endeavour to o'ercome  
 This obstacle, he said, if one had not——  
 How tedious seems it ere that he arrives !  
 I well observed that he would conceal  
 His former speech by what he after said,

10 Which an import far different convey'd.  
 But his unfinish'd words yet rais'd my fear,  
 And I, perhaps, did wrongly them expound.  
 Down to this Concave's melancholy depth  
 Did from the upper station e'er descend

15 One who was there confin'd without all hope ?  
 I put this question, to which he replied ;  
 Seldom it happens that e'er one of us  
 This journey goes, that I now undertake.  
 'Tis true, I once was by Erichtho dire

20 Conjur'd, who to their bodies Souls recall'd :  
 Soon after that I was depriv'd of flesh ;  
 She me compell'd to enter these dread Walls,  
 And from where Judas dwells a Spirit drag.  
 That is the lowest place, and most obscure,

25 Farthest remov'd from Heav'n which all surrounds.  
 The way I know, and you secure may rest.  
 This stench-exhaling Marsh encircles all  
 The City full of woe, which we cannot  
 Enter, unless with ire from those within.

30 And more he said, which I don't recollect ;  
 For to the lofty Tower's top my eyes  
 Were drawn, that fiercely burning, was in flames :  
 Where I the three infernal Furies soon  
 Beheld, who women seem'd besmear'd with blood ;

35 The greenest Serpents girted round their loins,  
And horned Snakes supplied their want of hair.  
Then He, who knew full well these wretched Hags,  
Attendants on the Queen of dire complaints,  
Said to me; Here behold these horrid Fiends:

40 This is Megæra sitting on the left;  
Alecto's she who on the right laments;  
Tisiphone's between: he laid no more.  
They with their crooked nails tore up their breasts,  
Together struck their palms, and scream'd so loud,

45 That I with fear close to the poet clung.  
" Let but Medusa come," they, looking down  
On me, exclaim'd, " we him shall turn to stone.  
" If we on Theseus had due vengeance ta'en,  
This daring Mortal would not now appear."

50 Then said my Master, turn your back, and keep  
Conceal'd your face; for if you ever see  
The Gorgon's visage, you'll no more return.  
Towards them then he turn'd my back himself,  
And, thinking not my hands effectual were,

55 He likewise held his own before my eyes.  
O ye, who with found knowledge are endow'd,  
Regard the Learning deep which hidden lies  
Beneath the veil of words express'd not clear.  
A sudden Crash came o'er the turbid waves,

60 Whose horrid noise struck dread, and shook each shore :  
Like an impetuous Storm, whose violence  
Is rais'd by adverse and contending winds,  
The Forest strikes, and snaps off ev'ry bough,  
Triumphs superbly o'er the dusty plane,

65 And drives both Beasts and Shepherds from the field.  
His hands he now remov'd, and said; Your eyes  
Over the foam, and thickest smoke direct.  
As through the water from a Serpent glide  
The Frogs pursued, and huddle to the shore;

70 More than a thousand Ghosts, dismay'd I saw,  
Fly before one who, with unwetted feet,  
Pass'd o'er the Marsh, and Waters of the Styx.  
Oft with his left hand wav'd before his eyes,  
'Till weary it became, He from his face

75 Dispers'd the Fog arising from the Lake.

I plainly

I plainly that from Heaven he was sent  
 Perceiv'd, and to my Master turn'd, who made  
 A sign to still remain, and bow to him.  
 How full of wrath he seem'd! When at the Gate  
 80 Arriv'd, he struck it with his slender Wand,  
 And open'd; for it no obstruction gave.  
 " O Wretches much despis'd, from Heav'n cast down,"  
 He, standing on the threshold, thus began:  
 " Whither does this your Insolence presume?  
 85 " Why kick you thus against that Will which you  
 " Can ne'er controul, and which inflicted oft  
 " Has punishments severe you've well deserv'd?  
 " What profits it the Laws of Fate t'oppose?  
 " The Chins and Throats of your guard Cerberus  
 90 " By Herc'les' chains are yet depriv'd of hair."  
 Then through the dirty path he back return'd,  
 And spoke not to us; but seem'd like a man  
 In other cares, and other thoughts involv'd,  
 After he had to us assistance giv'n.  
 95 We then, encourag'd by his words divine,  
 Free from obstruction went within the Walls.  
 And I, who much desir'd to know the state  
 Of those who were within this Fortress kept,  
 Turn'd my eyes round, and saw on ev'ry side  
 100 A Plane extensive full of grief and woe.  
 As about Arles, where to the Sea the Rhosne  
 Its tribute gives; as near to Pola, which  
 Limits the bound'ries of th' Italian coast,  
 Sepultures without number are beheld:  
 105 So here the ground was cover'd o'er with Tombs,  
 In which were suff'ring far more bitter felt.  
 These Monuments so heated were with fire,  
 Greater need not to soften It'n be us'd.  
 The Cov'nings of the Tombs were rais'd up;  
 110 And from these Graves such lamentations came  
 That prov'd their Mis'ty, and their punishments.  
 My Master, said I, tell me who they are,  
 (Who're sepultur'd within those arched Chests)  
 That heavily complain with grievous sighs.  
 115 He in reply; These are Hæresiarchs

Of ev'ry Sect, and those who follow'd them :  
Their Tombs, beyond belief, are crowded thick ;  
Of each Opinion they together lie,  
Whose Monuments of diff'rent heats partake.

120 We on the right hand turned then, and went  
Among the Martyrs, and the lofty Tow'rs.

## C A N T O X.

**A** LONG a secret way, between the Wall  
 And Martyrs' Tombs, my Master and I went.  
 O Pattern of all Virtue, I began,  
 Who lead me through the Paths of Punishment,  
 5 As you think meet, in this me satisfy ;  
 Can they who in these Sepulchres lie here  
 See what is done ? their Lids are all rais'd up,  
 Yet not one looks out : he then in reply ;  
 These Graves will all be clos'd, when from the Vale  
 10 Of Jothaphat they with their bodies shall  
 Return, which they in th' upper world have left.  
 With his Disciples Epicurus has  
 In this division an allotted place,  
 Who hold the Soul does with the Body dic.  
 15 As to what further you request, you shall  
 Soon satisfaction full receive ; as well  
 To what you ask, as what from me you hide.  
 This, said I, my kind Guide, was not design'd  
 To any thing conceal, but to comply  
 20 With your commands, that I should briefly speak.  
 " O Tuscan, who so properly do talk,  
 " And through this firey city pass alive,  
 " I you beseech a little while to stop :  
 " Your language to me manifestly proves,  
 25 " That you are native of that place renown'd,  
 " To which, perhaps, I too offensive was."  
 Out of a Chest this sudden voice was heard,  
 Which caus'd me to go near my Guide with fear.  
 Turn tow'rds him, what d'ye fear ? he to me said ;  
 30 You Farinata see, who's rais'd upright,  
 And upwards from this girdle stands confess'd.  
 My Eyes on his were stedfastly now fixt ;  
 His Chest inflated, and his lofty Front  
 Were suitable to him who Hell despis'd.

35 My Guide courageous with his hands me push'd  
 Among the Tombs, that near him I might stand,  
 Bidding me cautious of my words to prove.  
 When at the foot of his Sepulchre I  
 Was come, he on me cast a flight regard,  
 40 Demanding with disdainful air and proud ;  
 " Who were your Ancestors ? " To him obey  
 I was desirous, and nought from him hid :  
 He then with haughtiness his eyebrows rais'd,  
 And fiercely said ; " They always adverse were  
 45 " To me, to mine, and Party how' er strong :  
 " But I dispersed twice their routed bands."  
 " Although they banish'd were," I then replied,  
 " They twice return'd, and twice made head again ;  
 " Which was an art your Party ne'er could learn."  
 50 A Shade near this was to the Chin discern'd,  
 So that I thought him raised on his knees.  
 He look'd around me as if with desire  
 To see if any me accompanied :  
 But when he was of this thought undeceiv'd,  
 55 He said lamenting ; " If through these dark paths  
 " You, by the power of your genius, come,  
 " My Son, where is he, and why not with you ? "  
 I in reply ; " I am not come alone,  
 " He, who's attending there, did me here lead,  
 60 " Whom, possibly, your Guido did too much  
 " Despise." My answer was thus full and clear,  
 As from his Words, and kind of Punishment,  
 His name and rank I had discovered.  
 With quickness rising up ; " What say you, did ? "  
 65 " Lives he not then, and the sweet Light enjoy ? "  
 When he perceiv'd I soon not answer'd him,  
 He backwards fell supine, nor was seen more.  
 But that proud Spirit near which I was plac'd,  
 Shew'd not the least submission to his fate,  
 70 By changing colour, or by bowing down :  
 He said, continuing his former speech,  
 " If they the Art of rallying have not learnt,  
 " It more torments me than this bed of fire.  
 " Yet, 'fore the Queen, who governs in this place,  
 75 " Shall fifty times her face have reallum'd,

" You

" You will well know the power of this Art.  
 " And if you hope again to rule above,  
 " Tell to me why your impious party thus  
 " Rages 'gainst mine with many Laws f'ver ?"  
 80 " The boundless Slaughter," I him answered,  
 " Which caus'd the Arbia to run red with blood,  
 " Produced in our Councils these resolves."  
 He, deeply sighing, shook his head, and said,  
 " In that great rout I acted not alone,  
 85 " Nor without reason did I others join :  
 " But when it was resolved to destroy  
 " Florence itself, I dared to stand forth,  
 " And it defend alone with all my force."  
 " So may your Seed for ever live in peace !"  
 90 I him intreated, " this my doubt explain,  
 " Which long time has enveloped my mind.  
 " You, if I rightly hear, appear to view  
 " Things yet to come, but know not present acts."  
 " Like those with failing sight," he said, " we see  
 95 " Objects at distance far from us remov'd;  
 " This is allow'd us by the Power supreme :  
 " When they approach us near, or present are,  
 " We do not them discern : unless some Ghost  
 " Shall bring us the advice, we nothing know  
 100 " Of Human Race, or what is done above :  
 " Nor of Futurity can only speak,  
 " Before its Gate shall be for ever shut."  
 Being convinced of my fault, I said,  
 " Tell to that Shade who's fallen back supine,  
 105 " That his Son yet among the living breathes :  
 " And, in my answ'r if I were remiss,  
 " Acquaint him that I meditating was  
 " Concerning doubts which to me you've explain'd."  
 My Master to him calling me ; in haste  
 110 This Spirit I intreated that he'd tell  
 The names of those who lying were with him.  
 " I with a thousand more lie here," he said,  
 " The second Fred'rie, and the Cardinal;  
 " But of the others I shall nothing say."  
 115 He in his coffin then conceal'd himself;  
 And I towards the Poet turn'd my steps,

Thinking on what unpleasant was me told.  
 The Poet moved on, and ask'd me why  
 I thus disheartened seem'd; which I confess'd.  
 120 What you have heard against you, said the Sage,  
 Preserve well in your mind; likewise to this,  
 Holding his finger up, you should attend:  
 When you shall at the joyous sight arrive  
 Of her whose Eye benign does all things view,  
 125 She will to you your future Life display.  
 We turning to the left hand, left the Wall,  
 And tow'rds the middle went, along a path  
 Which to a Valley led of horrid Stench.

## C A N T O XI.

**W**HEN at the farther end of a steep bank,  
 Formed of great and broken stones; we came  
 Over a place more horrid still, from whose  
 Deepest abyss a putrid Stink exhal'd :

5 And, to avoid this Stench, we stood behind  
 A Monument made of the largest size,  
 On which we this Inscription saw engrav'd :  
 " Within this Tomb Pope Anastasio's kept,  
 " Whom Fotino out of the right way drew."

10 'Tis prudent not to hasten our descent,  
 My Master said, but rather to ourselves  
 Accustom to this smell, which fainter 'll seem  
 By use. Tell me, then said I, by what means  
 We recompensate can this loss of time.

15 Observe, replied he, that of this I think.  
 My Son, below these stones three Circles are,  
 Gradually less'ning, like to those you've left  
 Above, which all are full of Souls accurst.  
 That you may them the better understand,

20 Learn how, and why they are confined here.  
 Of ev'ry Vice which odious is in Heav'n,  
 To injure is the purport, and the end ;  
 Either by Force, or Fraud. But as to Man  
 Fraud is peculiar, it more God offends :

25 Therefore the fraudulent are lower plac'd,  
 And greater punishment and pains endure.  
 They who use Violence sole occupy  
 The Circle first in rank ; but as all Force  
 Against three persons may be tried, this one

30 Into three other Circles is dispos'd.  
 Force may be us'd 'gainst God, his Neighbour, and  
 Himself, himself I say, and what relates  
 To him ; as you shall fully hear explain'd.  
 By Force are grievous Wounds, and Death itself,

Inflicted

55 Inflicted on our Neighbour ; whose Effects  
Destroyed likewise are by Theft and Fire.  
In the first Circle are for this contain'd  
Thieves, Homicides, and who such crimes commit,  
Where they, but not alike, their torments meet.

60 A Man with violence his hands may lay  
On his own person ; or disperse his wealth :  
Tis therefore in the second Circle sit  
That he, though to no purpose, should repent ;  
As he by gaming, or by other means,

65 Did his Estate in dissipation lose,  
When in your World he should have Joy, not Woe.  
Force against God himself may be applied  
By those who him blaspheme, and from their hearts  
Deny ; and Nature, and her Laws contemn,

70 Like those who in Sodom, and Caorsa dwelt,  
And those who heartily their God despise :  
These with the lesser Circle's seal are stamp'd.  
That Fraud of which each Conscience feels the pangs  
Man may commit 'gainst those who do confide

75 In him, as well as those who trust him not.  
The first unhappily destroys the Bond  
In general by Nature form'd : from whence  
Confined in the second Circle are  
The Hypocrites, the Flatterers, and they

80 Who practise Coz'ning, Sorcery, and Theft,  
Bate Simony, procuring with a smile,  
Masked Deceit, and all such filthy tricks.  
He who a Fraud against his Friend commits,  
Forgets the Chain firm linkt with special Faith

85 Between Relations and those best belov'd,  
And Traitor turns ; in lasting pains he dwells  
In the last Circle, which the Centre is  
Of th' Universe, where Lucifer resides.  
Then I said, Master, you with clearness have

90 Explain'd this Gulf, and those in it contain'd :  
Yet tell me, why they who in this thick Marsh  
Are driven by the winds, or beat by rain,  
Or with reproachful speech together meet,  
Within that City red with raging fire

95 Receive not punishment, if with them God

Is wrathful made? if not, why even thus?  
 Why is your mind, he in reply, less sane  
 Than it was wont to be? or whither turns?  
 Do not you recollect the words with which  
 80 Your Ethics of those Dispositions treats,  
 Which Heav'n cannot permit, Incontinence,  
 Determin'd Vice, and bestial Cruelty;  
 And that Incontinence God least offends?  
 If this Opinion you will call to mind,  
 85 And those who punish'd are without the Walls,  
 You'll soon discern why from more wicked Ghosts  
 They separated are, and why on them  
 Justice divine less punishment inflicts.  
 O you, who like the Sun each weaken'd sight  
 90 Relieve, and give such pleasure when you clear  
 My doubts, that I to raise them oft desire;  
 Explain to me, I said, what lately you  
 Advanc'd, that divine Goodness greatly was  
 Offended by all acts of Usury.  
 95 Philosophy to those who it attend,  
 He in reply, in sev'ral points directs,  
 That Nature's course should ever be pursued:  
 And early in your Physics you will find,  
 That she proceeds from th' Intellect divine;  
 100 And Art her follows, as the Pupil does  
 His Master near; and if you recollect  
 Your Genesis, you'll know that from these two  
 Mankind should Life, Tillage the Earth receive.  
 But, because Us'ry takes another way,  
 105 Despising Nature and her daughter Art,  
 It God displeases, and incurs his wrath.  
 More forward to advance I would desire;  
 For now the Fishes on th' Horizon glide,  
 And all the Wain towards the North-west drives:  
 110 Besides, the Steep is near we must descend.

## C A N T O XII.

THE Place, where we were to descend, look'd wild :  
 A sight thus horrid every one would shun.  
 Like to the Mountain's broken clifts near Trent,  
 Caus'd by an Earthquake, or corroding waves  
 5 Of the fam'd Adige beating 'gainst its sides ;  
 And which were riven from its lofty top  
 Down to the Plane below ; so through this Rock  
 A way was open'd of a steep descent.  
 Upon the Margin of this splinter'd crag  
 10 The infamy of Crete extended lay,  
 Which was conceiv'd in a pretended Cow :  
 Who, when he us discover'd, bit himself,  
 As those who are with inward anger torn.  
 My prudent Virgil call'd to him aloud ;  
 15 " Think you that the Athenian Chief is here,  
 " Who flew you in the world above ? Rest sure,  
 " This does not by your Sister tutor'd come,  
 " But to behold your punishments alone."  
 Like to a Bullock, who a mortal wound  
 20 Received has, not knowing where to go,  
 Skips wildly round, and bounds about the plane ;  
 In such distress the Minotaur I saw.  
 Haste, cried my Guide, run to the passage quick :  
 While he's enrag'd, 'tis right you should descend.  
 25 Then, o'er the scatter'd stones we took our way,  
 That moved oft beneath my slipping feet,  
 Which were unusual in this rocky strand.  
 My Guide, who saw me meditating, said,  
 Perhaps you on this Ruin think, which now  
 30 Is guarded by that angry Beast, whom I  
 Have forced to retire : You this may know ;  
 When to th' Abyss below I formerly  
 This way went down, the Rock not broken was.  
 But, if I judge aright, not long before

35 He came, who from the upper Circle took  
 Many who were by Lucifer confin'd,  
 The footid Vale was so severely shook,  
 That it appear'd the Universe again  
 Did of that Love partake, which many think  
 40 Often the World to Chaos does reduce.  
 And at that time this ancient Rock was split.  
 Now to the Valley turn your eyes, for we  
 The bloody River near approach, in which  
 Whoe'er with Violence another hurts  
 45 Is plung'd. O foolish Rage, O blind desire,  
 That spurs you on, in the short Life above,  
 To such dire Acts as to eternity  
 Will keep you in this wretched bath below !  
 I saw an ample Trench, curv'd like a bow,  
 50 Embracing all the Plane within ; just as  
 My Guide had me inform'd : between this Trench  
 Flowing with blood, and bottom of the Rock,  
 After each other Centaurs ran, who were  
 With arrows arm'd as following the Chace.  
 55 When they descending saw us, each stood still :  
 Three of this crew before the rest advanc'd,  
 Furnish'd with Bows, and with short chosen spears ;  
 One at a distance cried, " What Punishment  
 " Are you to undergo, who thus come here ?  
 60 " Tell me this instant, or I draw my Bow."  
 My Master said, " Our answer we will give  
 " To Chiron whom we presently shall meet :  
 " Your fierce Desire was always premature."  
 He touch'd me then, and said ; This Nessus is,  
 65 Who for the beauteous Deianira died,  
 And did himself on Hercules-revenge :  
 He in the middle, seen down to this chest,  
 Is the great Chiron who Achilles taught :  
 The other's Pholus so replete with ire.  
 70 These round about the Trench by thousands went,  
 Shooting whatever Soul emerg'd above  
 The bloody Lake, more than their crimes allow'd.  
 When nearer to these agile Monsters come,  
 Chiron an arrow took, and drew his bow  
 75 So tightly that the barb was seen behind

His cheek, and, op'ning his vast mouth, he said  
 To his Companions, " Do you not observe  
 " That he who walks behind, where'er he goes,  
 " Makes an impression with his feet or touch ?  
 80 " This is not done by feet of those who're dead."  
 And my kind Leader, standing at his breast,  
 Where the two natures join of Man and Horse,  
 Replied ; " He certainly's alive, and I  
 " To him alone must this dark Vale disclose.  
 85 " Necessity, not Choice, has brought him here.  
 " She, who that place where Halleluja's song  
 " Has left, to me this office new consign'd.  
 " We come not here condemn'd for any crime.  
 " You by that power therefore I intreat,  
 90 " By which I walk along this rugged path,  
 " Afford us one of your's who may point out  
 " The place, to us unknown, where we can ford,  
 " And on his back my charge may safe convey :  
 " For he's no Ghost that can pervade the air."  
 95 Then Chiron, turning to the right hand, said  
 To Neffus ; " Undertake this task with care ;  
 " And drive away whatever band you meet."  
 Escorted by our faithful Guard, we went  
 Along the shore of the vermillion Lake,  
 100 Where those in boiling blood made grievous cries.  
 Some to the eyes sunk in the stream I saw ;  
 Th' enormous Centaur said, " These Tyrants are,  
 " Who on their people's blood and treasure prey'd ;  
 " But, without pity, damned here lament :  
 105 " Alexander, Dionysius fierce,  
 " Who Sicily o'erwhelm'd for years in woe ;  
 " And Azzolino with his hair so black,  
 " Are with that other join'd, with flaxen Locks,  
 " Obizzo d'Esti nam'd, who from the world  
 110 " Was by his Son in-law deserv'dly sent."  
 I turned to the Poet then, who said ;  
 He's now the first, and I the second aim.  
 When we a little farther had advanc'd  
 And came to some who in the bubbling Spring  
 115 Were sunk up to the throat, the Centaur stopt,  
 And pointed to a solitary Shade,

Saying ;

Saying ; This, in the bosom of the Church,  
 Pierced a Heart yet on the banks of Thames  
 Rever'd. Then some I saw whose Heads above  
 120 The Stream were rais'd, and some with all their Chests ;  
 Of these I many knew : the farther we  
 Proceeded, they were less immers'd in blood ;  
 Till some we saw whose feet were barely hid :  
 And in the shallow part we pass'd the Trench.

125     " As you on this side see the bubbling Stream  
 " Still less'ning in its depth," the Centaur said,  
 " So on the other side it rises fast,  
 " Till it with that part joins where Tyrants groan,  
 " Where divine Prudence has, with justice, thrust  
 130 " That Attila the scourge of God on earth ;  
 " Sextus ; and Pyrrhus of Epiros king ;  
 " And from the two Riniers draws scalding tears,  
 " Who in the public streets great slaughter madε?"  
 Nessus then turned, and repass'd the Ford.

## C A N T O XIII.

**N**ESSUS had not attain'd the other side,  
 Before we entered a pathless wood,  
 Whose Leaves were never green, but brown and dark :  
 No taper Branches, but intwisted Knots ;  
 5 No wholesome Fruit, but Twigs with poison ting'd,  
 Were there : such rugged, and such thick-set Stumps  
 Are not discover'd in those hated Wilds  
 Between Cecina and Corneto plac'd.  
 'Tis here the filthy Harpies form their nests,  
 10 Who from the Strophades the Trojans drove,  
 With sad forebodings of their future Ills.  
 Their Necks and Visage human are, their Wings  
 Spread wide, their Feet are arm'd with griping Claws,  
 And their swoln Paunches cover'd are with Plumes :  
 15 From these dire Trees they utter their complaints.  
 Before you farther go, my Master said ;  
 Know, that you in the second Circle are,  
 And will remain, till to the horrid Sand  
 You shall arrive : with diligence observe,  
 20 And you such things shall see, as will deprive  
 Whatever words I speak, of all belief.  
 Wailing and cries on ev'ry side I heard,  
 But yet no person saw from whom they came :  
 Wherefore I, all dismay'd, in silence stood.  
 25 I think that he imagin'd I believ'd,  
 That all the Voices 'mong these wither'd stumps  
 From people came who hid themselves through fear.  
 My Master therefore said ; If you break off  
 A single Twig from one of these dry plants,  
 30 The Thoughts you have of them you'll find are vain.  
 I then a little farther stretch'd my hand,  
 And a small Sprig from a great Bramble pluck'd :  
 Its Trunk exclaim'd ; " Why do you split me thus ?"  
 With Drops of blood this rending follow'd was ;

The

35 The Cries renew'd, " Why do you thus me tear ?  
 " Divested of all pity is your mind ?  
 " We once were Men, but now are plants become.  
 " Better 'twould be more piety to shew,  
 " Although of Serpents we had been the Souls."

40 As a green Brand, which at the one end burns,  
 While at the other it sheds mournful tears,  
 And crackles in the all-dispersing wind ;  
 So from that Shiver issued both Words  
 And Blood ; which caused me to drop the Shoot,

45 And stand agast, like one with fear assaile'd.  
 " O Shade offend'd," then replied my Guide,  
 " If Dante to my words had given faith  
 " For what he now has seen, he had not stretch'd  
 " His hand out to your hurt : this strange affair,

50 " Passing belief, induc'd me to comply  
 " With that which to me great displeasure gives.  
 " But, that in recompence for what h'as done,  
 " He may in th' upper world your fame renew,  
 " When he returns, inform him who you were."

55 The Trunk replied ; " Your sweet words so allure,  
 " That longer silent I cannot remain ;  
 " Permit me therefore to explain my fate.  
 " Know, I am He, who the two Keys possess'd  
 " Of Fred'rie's Heart, which I so craft'ly us'd,

60 " Both locking and unlocking, that I left  
 " No hope for other to his Secrets know.  
 " Such credit in my Office I obtain'd,  
 " As in proceſſ of time procur'd my death.  
 " The Harlot Envy, who ne'er turns aside

65 " Her eyes deluding from where Cæſar reigns,  
 " (The common vice, and ruin of all Courts)  
 " Against me, by her pow'r, inflam'd each heart ;  
 " And these the Emperor did so inflame,  
 " That all who favour'd me against me turn'd.

70 " Persuaded by my wrathful Mind, that I  
 " By dying should avoid the stinging pangs  
 " Of Disregard, I to myself became  
 " Unjust. By the new Roots which from this wood  
 " Shoot forth, I swear, that never I betray'd

75 " My Lord, who of all honour worthy was.

" If

" If either of you to the world return,  
 " Kindly restore my Memory, which now  
 " Oppressed lies for crimes by Envy fram'd."  
 Perceiving that in silence he remain'd;  
 80 Lose not your time, the Poet to me said,  
 But ask him what you more desire to know.  
 I him requested thus; Do you inquire  
 That which you judge should satisfy my mind;  
 For my compassion will not let me speak.  
 85 Addressing him, he said; " If you would have,  
 " Imprison'd Spirit, this Man freely do  
 " What you of him desire, be pleas'd to tell,  
 " Why in these knotty Stumps are Souls consin'd,  
 " And if they ever hope to be releas'd."  
 90 Fetching a heavy sigh, the Trunk then blew,  
 Which wind was soon converted to these words:  
 " To you an answer brief shall be return'd.  
 " Soon as the guilty Soul the Body 'as left,  
 " It Minos to the seventh Circle sends,  
 95 " Where it falls in the Wood, without a choice  
 " Of place, and, where by chance it falls, it shoots  
 " Like to a grain of corn, still putting forth  
 " Fresh Branches, but which always barren prove.  
 " The Harpies, feeding on its tender Leaves,  
 100 " Puts it to pain, which pain excites complaints.  
 " When the great Day of Judgment shall arrive,  
 " Like other Ghosts, we for our Spoils shall seek;  
 " But with our former Bodies none recloath  
 " Ourselves, for 'tis not fit that any should  
 105 " Regain what Men themselves have ta'en away.  
 " Our Bodies here we after us shall drag,  
 " And each be on its proper Bramble hung;  
 " Where torments now the hated Soul endures."  
 Expecting more to hear, we list'ning stood.  
 110 Soon by a sudden noise we were alarm'd,  
 Resembling that when a wild Boar is heard,  
 Chased by Dogs, and rustling through the woods.  
 Two naked Men on our left hand appear'd,  
 Scratched all o'er, and flying with such speed,  
 115 That ev'ry branch obstructing them they broke.  
 The foremost cried; " O succour, succour, Death :"

The other, who him could not overtake,  
 Exclaimed; " Lano, you in Toppo's field  
 " So ready was not to engage, as now  
 120 " To run :" His failing breath here stopp'd his course,  
 And in a Thicket he himself conceal'd.  
 Many black Dogs pursued him through the woods,  
 Like greyhounds running with an eager speed,  
 Just from their coupling loos'd: they fix'd their teeth  
 125 In him who h̄idden lay, and piece-meal tore,  
 And carried off his yet bemoaning limbs.  
 My Guide then took me by the hand, and led  
 Me to the Thicket where complain'd, in vain,  
 This Soul, of tortures which it now endur'd.  
 130 " O Giacopo, what profits you," it faid,  
 " To seek with me protection in this Bush?  
 " Why should I fusler for your wicked Life?"  
 When close to it my Master was arriv'd,  
 He said; " Who were you that now breathe complaints  
 135 " Provok'd by wounds received from these Hounds?"  
 He thus replied; " O Shades, who here are come  
 " To see my Leaves with such dishonour pluck'd,  
 " Gather them up, and place them at my Root.  
 " I native of that City was, which now  
 140 " Has for the Baptist its first patron chang'd,  
 " Who on it always will inflict his Art:  
 " If some resemblance of him were not seen  
 " On Arno's bridge, it would be now in vain  
 " On Ashes left by Attila to build.  
 145 " To me a Gibbet my own House supplied."

## C A N T O XIV.

FOR my Compatriot now with pity mov'd,  
 I gath'rd up the scatter'd Leaves, and gave  
 To him who with complaining hoarse became.

Then we pass'd forward to the Confines, where  
 5 The second Circle from the third divides,  
 And Justice with her punishments is seen :  
 A Plane it was devoid of ev'ry plant.  
 This Plane the wailing Wood encompass'd round,  
 As that was by the bloody Lake confin'd.  
 10 We went not on, but at the Wood's edge stopp'd.  
 The space within a Sand was deep and dry,  
 Like that which Cato in the Desart trod.  
 O Vengeance dire of God, how much you should  
 By ev'ry one be dreaded, when he reads  
 15 What to my eyes was manifestly shewn !  
 I many Crouds of naked Ghosts beheld  
 With greatest mis'ry utt'ring their complaints :  
 Their torments yet did not alike appear.  
 Some supine stretched lay along the ground,  
 20 Others were sitting gather'd in a heap,  
 And others ran continually about.  
 These far the greater number were ; and those  
 The fewer, who lay on the earth supine :  
 But to complaining were their tongues more free.  
 25 Upon the Sand a gentle Fall of fire  
 Rain'd like the Flakes of softly dropping Snow,  
 Which deeply cloath the Alps without a wind :  
 Or like the Fire that Alexander saw  
 Fall on his army, when through India led ;  
 30 Which to extinguish, he his Soldiers caus'd  
 To trample on the ground, and, by this scheme,  
 Destroy its force before it gather'd strength.  
 So thick descended the eternal Fire,  
 That it the Sand inflam'd, as does the Flint

35 The Tinder, when 'tis stricken by the Steel.  
 And thus their Tortures doubled were ; nor could  
 Their scorched Hands with quickest motion quell  
 The Fire that them on ev'ry side attack'd.

O Master, I began, who conquer all,

40 Except those Dæmons dire that through the Gates  
 Of Dis your enterance oppos'd, me tell  
 Who this vast Body is that disregards  
 The hot combustion, and with such disdain  
 Unmoved lies, nor in the fire relents ?

45 He, hearing what I ask'd, quick said aloud :  
 " Such as I living was, such am I dead.  
 " Though Jove his fabricating Smith should tire,  
 " From whom he that sharp-pointed Lightning took.  
 " Which struck me dead ; and though he should again

50 " His other Workmen, one by one, fatigue,  
 " In Mongibello's Smithy black with smoak,  
 " Aloud exclaiming, Help, good Vulcan, help,  
 " (As he before in Phlegra's Battle did ;)  
 " And at me hurl his Dart with all his force,

55 " To his revenge I never will submit."

My Guide then in a sharper accent faid  
 · Than I before had ever heard him speak,  
 " O Capaneus, you greater punishment  
 " Cannot endure, than thus to have your Pride

60 " With unabating fury rage :" and turning then,  
 He me with milder words address'd ; This Wretch  
 Was one of seven Kings that Thebes besieg'd,  
 The Gods contemn'd and little did esteem :  
 But, as I told him, his contemptuous Pride

65 Is by the Tortures in his breast repaid.  
 To follow me 'tis best ; and to observe  
 Not in the burning Sand to put your feet ;  
 But, bord'ring on the Wood, pursue your way.  
 Silent we came where from the Forest springs

70 A Rivulet whose redness yet affrights :  
 Through the hot Sand it flows, like to that Stream  
 Which Harlots in their dwelling-place divides.  
 Its Bottom and its Banks were stone become ;  
 Which prov'd that there a passage was allow'd.

75 Among whatever things I've to you shewn,

Since we have passed through that open Gate,  
 Whose Entrance free to no one is denied ;  
 None more deserving notice have you seen  
 Than this small Brook died red with bubbling blood,

80 Which ev'ry little Flame extinguishes ;  
 These were my Leader's words, whom I beseech'd  
 To satisfy that hunger he had rais'd.  
 In the Mid-Sea a Land deserted lies,  
 Which is call'd Crete; he in reply return'd ;

85 Under whose King the World was free from crimes.  
 A Mountain named Ida's in it plac'd,  
 In verdure formerly and water rich ;  
 But now forsaken like a barren Soil.  
 This Rhea chose, where safely might be nurs'd.

90 Her Son, and, better to conceal his cries,  
 She caus'd her priests to drown them with their noise.  
 An old Man's Statue in this mountain stands,  
 Who towards Damiata turns his back,  
 And stedfast looks at Rome as in a Glas.

95 His Head is formed of the finest Gold ;  
 His Arms and Breast are of pure Silver made ;  
 And to the Waist Brass does the parts supply ;  
 With Iron all constructed is below,  
 Except one Foot, which is of baked Clay ;

100 This is the right, and this his chief support.  
 All parts are rotten, unless that of Gold.  
 Tears from a cleft gush out, that in a Grot  
 Collected are, in which this Statue's plac'd :  
 Precipitately falling, in this Vale

105 They Ach'ron form, and Phlegethon, and Styx ;  
 And then along this strait Canal they run,  
 'Till they can fall no more, but constitute  
 The Lake Cocytus ; and what that is you'll see  
 Hereafter ; therefore I'll now say no more.

110 If, then I asked him, this running Stream  
 Does from our World above derive its course,  
 Why is it only in this district seen ?  
 To which he said, You know this place is round ;  
 The way was always on the left you came ;

115 Therefore the Circle have not seen complete :  
 Then let not what is new raise your surprise.

Master, I said again, pray tell me where  
Are Phlegethon and Lethe, one of which  
You say does from those gushing Tears proceed ;  
120 But of the other you quite silent are.  
Your questions always please, he then replied ;  
One should be answer'd by this burning Stream ;  
Lethe is not in this Region found,  
But where the Souls to bathe themselves resort,  
125 When fully they've repented of their crimes.  
Now it is time to leave this dreary Wood ;  
The Canal's Border a safe way affords,  
Where burning Vapours never can prevail.

## C A N T O XV.

ONE of the stony Banks we pass'd along,  
 Where, by the exhalations of the Brook,  
 We were protect'd from the burning heat  
 Of the hot Sand; which Banks resembled those  
 5 That are 'twixt Bruges and Guizante rais'd,  
 From sudden floods the Flemings to defend  
 That them attack, and drive the Sea away :  
 Or like to those the Padouans erect  
 Along the Brent, their cities to preserve  
 10 And Castels, ere the Chiarentana feels  
 A heat ; but these were not so high nor thick.  
 We now had left the Wood so far behind,  
 That, 'though I look'd, I could not it discern ;  
 When a large company of Ghosts we met,  
 15 Who came aside the Bank, and each one look'd  
 At us, as in the ev'ning when the Moon  
 Is new; and knit their brows to us observe,  
 Like to an Artist, when his sight grows dim,  
 Aiming his Thread at a small Needle's eye.  
 20 Soon I by one of them was known, who held  
 My garment's hem, and cried, " What marvel's this?"  
 And I, when he his arm to me stretch'd forth,  
 My eyes upon his scorched visage fix'd  
 So stedfastly, that I him also knew.  
 25 Stooping, I held my hand before his face ;  
 And said to him, " Is Ser Brunetto here ?"  
 He in reply, " My Son, be not displeas'd,  
 " Although Brunetto should with you turn back,  
 " And let the Croud their destin'd course pursue."  
 30 To this I gave assent, and further said ;  
 " If you will stay, I'll sit with you awhile ;  
 " Of this I trust my Guide will well approve."  
 " O Son," return'd he, " who e'er of this Drove  
 " Stops but a moment, lies an hundred years

" Without

35 " Without relief, however hot's the fire.  
 " Go you now on, and I will near you keep,  
 " And after will my Compan<sup>1</sup> rejoin,  
 " Who their eternal torments still deplore."  
 I dar'd not to descend the Bank, to walk  
 40 Close by his side upon the burning Sand :  
 But, to him hear, my head inclined low,  
 Like one expressing most profound respect.  
 " What Fortune, or what Destiny," he then  
 Began, " does from above you hither bring,  
 45 " Before you are to your last Day arriv'd ?  
 " And who is this that here directs your way ?"  
 To him I answer'd ; " In that happy Life  
 " I in a Vale my Path desir'd mits'd,  
 " Before my destin'd years were all complete :  
 50 " And yester morn I chang'd my path design'd.  
 " This my kind Friend his guidance does afford,  
 " And brings me safely to my wish'd-for home."  
 Then he ; " If you the influence of your Star  
 " Pursue, the port of Fame you cannot miss.  
 55 " This I observed when I breath'd your Air :  
 " And, if my days were ended not so soon,  
 " I to your views should have incitement giv'n ;  
 " Perceiving Heav'n was so benign to you.  
 " But that ungrateful People and malign,  
 60 " Which anciently from Fiesole came,  
 " And of its Mountain, and its Quarry yet  
 " Partakes, will you for your advantage make  
 " Their Enemy ; nor should we be surpris'd  
 " That with sweet Figs agrees not sour Fruit.  
 65 " By Fame of old they were proclaimed blind ;  
 " A Nation covetous, invidious, proud.  
 " From these their vices polish then yourself ;  
 " Since for such honour Fortune you reserves,  
 " That greedy of you each Side will become :  
 70 " But long 'twill be before they taste such grass.  
 " Let for themselves these beastly Fiesolans  
 " Make Straw, but not a plant of merit touch,  
 " If such by chance shall in their Dunghill spring,  
 " Reviving from that Roman Seed left there,  
 75 " When of such wickedness a Nest 'twas form'd."

" If I could all that I request obtain,"  
 To him I then replied ; " you should not yet  
 " From human intercourse be banished :  
 " For in my Mind, and in my Heart is fix'd  
 55 " Your Image, when with kind paternal care,  
 " Me you instructed daily in those rules,  
 " By which I may myself immortalize.  
 " And what esteem I do of this retain,  
 " My tongue shall long as I shall live declare.  
 55 " What you relate concerning my affairs,  
 " With that I have from Farinata heard,  
 " I to that Lady shall communicate  
 " Who all things knows, if I to her arrive.  
 " Willing I am that all should be disclos'd,  
 90 " Since by my Conscience I am not reproach'd.  
 " Your Information's to my ear's not new.  
 " Just as they please, let Fortune roll her wheel,  
 " And let the Husbandman his mattock use."

Back turning to the right, my Master said,  
 95 Fixing his eyes with earnest look on me,  
 He listens well, who what he hears remarks.  
 This did not me prevent from going on  
 With Ser Brunetto, and inquiring who  
 Were his Companions of the greatest note.  
 100 " Of some it may be right to ask," he said,  
 " Of others best it is to silent be :  
 " Nor will the time permit me now to tell.  
 " However know, that all these Clergy were,  
 " Or learned Men exalted high in fame,  
 105 " By the same crime disgraced in the world :  
 " Priscian, to every Grammarian known,  
 " Joins, with Accius skill'd in law, this Band.  
 " And, of such odious fights if fond, you him  
 " May see, who by the Servants Servant was  
 110 " To that which laves Vicenza's walls transferr'd  
 " From Arno's river where he died, contemn'd.  
 " I more could tell, but our discourse cannot  
 " Prolonged be ; for from the Sand I view  
 " A Smoke arise, and those advance with whom  
 115 " It is not proper that I should be seen.  
 " Let me my " Treasure" to you recommend,

“ In which I yet survive; I ask no more.”

He quickly then ran from me with that speed  
With which those in Verona’s meads contend  
120 For the green Cloth’s desired prize, and seem’d  
Like him who wins the race, not him that’s beat.

## C A N T O XVI.

WE now were come where th' echoing noise was heard  
 Of Water, which in the next Circle fell,  
 Like to the buzzing of a swarm of bees ;  
 When tow'rs us, from a Band which had pass'd through  
 5 A shower of fire, three Shades running came,  
 And each cried out ; " O stop awhile, I pray,  
 " For, by your habit, you to us should seem  
 " One who in our depraved country dwells."  
 Alas ! what wounds I in their limbs beheld,  
 10 Recent and old, which by the flames were burnt !  
 It yet me grieves, when I them recollect.  
 My Guide attended to their cries, and said,  
 Turning to me ; You here should wait for them,  
 If you are willing to shew them respect :  
 15 And, if they had not merited the fire  
 Which darts upon them in this place, I'd say,  
 That you should them address, and not they you..  
 Soon as we stopp'd, they their bewailings old  
 Again began, and, when to us arriv'd,  
 20 In the same tract they in a circle ran :  
 Like to those Champions who, for wrestling stript,  
 And well anointed, run around the stage,  
 Observing what advantages to take,  
 Before they throw their foe, or fall themselves.  
 25 Each, thus employ'd, towards me turn'd his face,  
 So that their Eyes and Feet mov'd diff'rent ways.  
 " If our most wretched state on this loose sand,"  
 Began then one of them, " and if our prayers,  
 " And sad and naked Forms by you're despis'd,  
 30 " Yet let our Fanic induce you to relate  
 " Who you may be, that, living, thus secure  
 " Direct your steps in these infernal Shades.  
 " This, in whose footsteps you now see me tread,  
 " Naked, despoiled even of his skin,

" Liv'd

35 " Liv'd in a higher rank than to you seemis.  
 " He Grandson of the good Gualdrada was,  
 " Well by the name of Guido Guerra known,  
 " Whose Mind and Sword him reputation gave.  
 " The other ; who next to me treads this Sand,  
 40 " Is Aldobrandi fam'd for prudence great,  
 " And in the world deservedly proclaim'd.  
 " I, also who like punishment with them  
 " Endure, was Rusticucci, and my fate  
 " By the fierce temper of my Wife's procur'd."  
 45 If without suff'ring from the firey show'r,  
 I'd willingly to them embrace attempt :  
 And this my Leader freely would allow,  
 But, dreading that I should be scorcht and burnt,  
 My fear o'ercame my violent desire.  
 50 I then said to them ; " Soon as this my Lord  
 " Inform'd me of your rank, and who you were,  
 " Compassion, not Contempt, was in my mind  
 " So fix'd, that only late it will depart.  
 " I of your Country am, and ever did  
 55 " With great affection to your names attend,  
 " And all your honorable acts repeat.  
 " Leaving all gall behind, I'm in pursuit  
 " Of the sweet Fruit by my true Guide foretold :  
 " But to the Centre I must first descend."  
 60 " So may your Life long time your limbs preserve,"  
 One of these Ghosts replied ; " So may your Fame  
 " To distant ages shine ; to us relate  
 " If Courtesy and Valour now reside  
 " Within our City, as in former times,  
 65 " Or if they have departed from its walls.  
 " For Borsiere, who now lanients with us,  
 " And whom you see with his companions go,  
 " With his reports uneasiness excites."  
 " Your new Inhabitants, and sudden gain  
 70 " Have in you, Florence, introduc'd such pride,  
 " And Arrogance, and boundless Luxury,  
 " That you yourself do of this change complain,"  
 I then exclaim'd with elevated front.  
 The Shades, who knew this answer'd their request,  
 75 By looking at each other, gave assent.

“ If other times to satisfaction give,”  
 They all replied, “ it you so little costs,  
 “ Happy you are to speak thus with such ease.  
 “ But, if you e'er shall these dark Regions leave,  
 80 “ And to admire the beauteous Stars return,  
 “ (When you may say with pleasure, I was there)  
 “ Of us with our kind Friends above discourse.”  
 Their wheel they broke then, and so swiftly ran,  
 That to us wings their nimble feet appear'd.  
 85 Nor could an Amen be so soon express'd,  
 As suddenly they vanish'd from our sight.  
 My Master now did to depart desire,  
 I follow'd him ; and we not far were gone,  
 When the loud Roar of water falling near  
 90 Scarcely our words permitted to be heard.  
 That River like, which from mount Vesu runs  
 Tow'rds the Levant, and leaving on the left  
 The Apennine, from its still course retains  
 The name of Aqua-cheta, 'till it falls  
 95 Into its lower bed at Forli, where  
 It is by that calm name no longer call'd ;  
 But its resounding waves are by the Alps  
 Re-echo'd near to where St. Benedict  
 A thousand of Recluse could entertain ;  
 100 We found this was, down tumbling from a Rock ;  
 A water raging with such horrid noise,  
 As us almost of hearing to deprive.  
 The String of Fraud was girt around my waist,  
 With which I formerly attempted had  
 105 To take the Panther with the spotted hide.  
 This, when I'd loosen'd by my Guide's command ;  
 Coil'd up in many rounds I gave to him ;  
 Who, turning to the right, far from the shore,  
 Cast it into the midst of the deep Gulph.  
 110 Some novelty, I thought within myself,  
 This must prognosticate, as with his eyes  
 My Master it pursued. How cautious Men  
 Their own imaginations to indulge  
 Should be, not knowing what th' event will prove ;  
 115 But should those trust who with more prudence judge !  
 Soon from below, he to me said, you'll see

Arrive what I with certainty expect,  
 Not what in your wild fancy's only form'd.  
 Always we ought to in our lips retain  
 120 A Truth which Falsehood may to some appear ;  
 That Shame we may not without fault acquire.  
 Yet here I cannot silent be : to you I swear,  
 O Reader, by these Lines, if destitute  
 Of merit they are not by you esteem'd,  
 125 That I beheld through the thick air obscure  
 A Figure swimming ~~up~~ towards us, that  
 Would any heart with dread amazement strike ;  
 Like one who dives to loosen in the sea  
 An Anchor sunk, which to a rock is fix'd,  
 130 And tugs it up with clenched hands and feet..

## C A N T O XVII.

**B**EHOLD the Monster with a pointed tail,  
 Who pierces Mountains, breaks down Walls, and Arms  
 Destroys ; Lo him who all the world infects :  
 My Guide thus me address'd, and shew me where  
 5 He was approaching to the marble Path.  
 This filthy Image of deceitful Fraud  
 Came boldly forward with his head and breast ;  
 But did not rest his tail upon the bank.  
 His face in semblance was a Man's benign,  
 10 And all the rest like to a serpent form'd.  
 Two Paws he had thick cover'd o'er with hair ;  
 His Back, his Breast, and both his shining Sides  
 With nodules, and with ringlets painted were.  
 Colours more high, or brighter than were these  
 15 The Tartars, or the Turks ne'er gave their cloths ;  
 Nor was Arachne's web more richly ting'd.  
 As sometimes Barks upon the strand, whose prows  
 Are fix'd on land, and sterns in water float ;  
 And as among the greedy Germans lurks  
 20 The Beaver, watching for the fish his prey ;  
 So this fell Monster on the Brink repos'd  
 Of ~~the~~ one, the river bounding from the sand :  
 His Length of tail he flirted in the air ;  
 And upwards turned its envenomi'd point,  
 25 Which like a scorpion's was with poison arm'd.  
 'Tis proper now, my Master said, to go  
 Towards that Beast perfidious who there lies.  
 Therefore ten paces on the right hand we  
 (The burning sand, and firey show'r t'avoid)  
 30 Descended near the Circle's extreme bounds.  
 And when we were at him arriv'd, I saw  
 Many Shades sitting on the distant Sand,  
 Close to the precipice of broken stones.  
 That you may thoroughly this Circle know,

35 My Master said ; Observe how they're employ'd ;  
 Of short duration with them make your stay :  
 Ere you return I will with him discourse,  
 That his strong back he may to us afford.

The seventh Circle's edge I came to then,

40 Alone, where sat a melancholy Crew.  
 Their grief gush'd plenteous from their eyes ; their Hands  
 Were constantly employ'd in beating off  
 The burning Vapours from this side or that,  
 Or from the scorching Sand defend their feet :

45 As Dogs in summer use their snouts and claws,  
 When they are bit by gnats, or flies, or wasps.  
 Although I stedfast fix'd my eyes on those  
 On whom the painful Fire fell, yet I could  
 Not any know ; but I observ'd a Bag

50 Hung from their necks, on which they pleased look'd,  
 Having some Figure on some Colour mark'd.  
 An azure Lion on a yellow purse  
 I saw, and, on another far more red  
 Than blood, a Goose was plac'd of perfect white.

55 And one, who on his white sack painted had  
 A sow of colour blue, and big with young,  
 Said to me, " What do you in this vile place ?  
 " Go quickly hence ; but, although yet he lives,  
 " Be certain that Vitaliano, who

60 " My Neighbour was, will on my left hand sit.  
 " A Paduan I'm among these Florentines,  
 " Who often thunder in my flunned ears,  
 " Let now your sov'reign Cavalier appear,  
 " Who bears his budget loaded with three Goats."

65 He then his mouth distorted, and loll'd out  
 His tongue, Ox-like when he his nostrils licks.  
 I, fearing that I should him caute to wait,  
 Who had requested me to stay not long,  
 Turn'd my back upon the moaning Shades.

70 My Guile I found had on the crupper leap'd  
 Of the wild Animal, and to me said,  
 'Take courage and be bold, since we this way  
 May lower now descend : mount you before,  
 And I behind will sit, to you protect

75 From any blow his noxious Tail may give.

Like him, who by a quartan Ague's shook  
 'Till his nails livid turn, yet does not leave  
 The Shade however hurtful be the cold;  
 I all o'er trembling at his words became:

80 But Shame me check'd, which animates the Slave  
 When orders he receives from his kind Lord.  
 On his broad shoulders I then plac'd myself,  
 And did attempt to say, " Embrace me ere  
 " I fall;" yet utter I could not the words.

85 But He who does at all times me assist,  
 So soon as I was fixed in my seat,  
 Did me support, encircling in his arms;  
 And said to him, " You, Geryon, now may move;  
 " Let your Rotations large, and your Descent

90 " Be gentle, and to your new charge attend."  
 Like to a Boat which does the harbour leave,  
 He backwards from the stony Bank retir'd:  
 And when himself he found in open air,  
 Where his breast rested there he turn'd his tail,

95 Which he extending, waved like an Eel;  
 And with his clutches gather'd in the air.  
 I think that greater fear was never felt,  
 When Phaëton abandoned the reins.  
 By which the Heav'ns to be yet heated seem;

100 Nor when unhappy Icarus perceiv'd  
 His wings were dropping with the melting wax,  
 His father crying, " Ill you keep your way,"  
 Than mine was, when on ev'ry side was air,  
 And nought was seen except the Monster fell.

105 He slowly floated, and in circles went,  
 Descending gently in a spiral line;  
 But of this passage I was not appriz'd,  
 Till a Wind from below blew on my face.  
 I on my right discern'd a Whirlpool vast,

110 Whose jarring waters rais'd a horrid sound.  
 My head I then stretch'd out, with eyes declin'd;  
 And with the sight more fearful far became:  
 I Fires saw, and Lamentations heard,  
 'That made me close my knees together pres.

115 Uncertain I that we descended were,  
 "Till Crouds of Sufferers from ev'ry side

Convinc'd me by their lamentations dire.

A Hawk that on his wings has long remain'd,  
Without discerning either Lure or Bird,

120 Causes the Fale'ner to command him down,  
Fatigued now become : to him obey,  
He, circling oft, descends upon the ground,  
(Displeas'd that he without his prey return'd)  
But not his disappointed Master near ;

125 So Geryon lighted on the steep Rock's base :  
And, having us discharged from his back,  
He vanish'd like an arrow from a bow.

## C A N T O XVIII.

**A** Place in Hell that's Malebolge nam'd  
 Of Stone is form'd of ferruginous hue;  
 As is the Margin which surrounds this Gulph.  
 Right in the midst of the malignant plane  
 5 An empty Well's display'd, both wide and deep,  
 Of which I here shall a description give.  
 The Border that confines the whole is round:  
 Between the Well and the steep Bank of Rocks,  
 Ten sep'rete pits are in that space inclos'd;  
 10 Each less'ning 'till they to the bottom sink.  
 As many Fosses, to protect their walls,  
 Castels surround, and render them secure,  
 Such here did these incircling pits appear:  
 And as small Bridges from the sally-ports  
 15 Of Fortresses, for passing thence, are laid,  
 Rough Stones, which from the rock were broken off,  
 Formed a Passage from the lowest pit  
 Up to the Well above, which stopp'd its course.  
 Here from the back of Geryon we found  
 20 Ourselves discharg'd: the left the Poet took,  
 And I him followed; when on my right  
 New subjects for compassion I discern'd,  
 Torments not seen before, and Scourgers fresh,  
 Like those abounding in the upper Pit.  
 25 Coming tow'rds us some naked Sinners ran;  
 While others with us travel'd the same way,  
 But with far larger strides than those we took.  
 As in the year of Jubilee vast crowds  
 Of Romans, thick as armies, pass the Bridge;  
 30 One way they have the Castel full in view,  
 But when they to St. Peter's haste their course,  
 Their faces are directed to the Mount.  
 This side and that, upon the rocky path,  
 I horned Devils with large whips beheld,

35 Who as they pass'd cruelly them scourg'd.  
 How the first stripe them caus'd to litt their legs!  
 Nor did they for a second wait, or third.  
 As I went on, my eyes on one were cast;  
 And I immediately, surpris'd, exclam'd,

40 This time of seeing him was not my first.  
 But with more care to him observe, I fix'd  
 On him my sight; and my obliging Guide  
 Stood still awhile, and gave me his assent  
 That I a little should go back with him.

45 This scourged wretch, believing that he might  
 Himself conceal, bent to the ground his eyes:  
 But this him nought avail'd; for I him thus  
 Address'd; " If your appearance be not false,  
 " You, who on the ground so stedfast look,

50 " Venetico Caccianimico are:  
 " But what has brought you to this suff'ring state?"  
 He then replied; " Unwillingly I tell;  
 " But your clear voice, which calls into my mind  
 " The world I once enjoy'd, compels me to't.

55 " Know I was he who Ghisola the fair  
 " Seduced to the Marquilles soul will;  
 " Whatever idle tales may else declare.  
 " Nor I, a Bolognese, do here complain,  
 " Since with as many Bauds this place is fill'd

60 " As speak the jargon us'd by those who live  
 " Between the Reno's and Savena's streams:  
 " And if you doubt, or testimony want,  
 " Call to your mind our boundless avarice."  
 Whilst saying this, a Dæmon with his whip

65 Scourg'd him, and cried; " Hence you vile Baud, begone;  
 " For Women here are not expos'd to hire."  
 My Guide I then rejoin'd: we soon arriv'd  
 Where by a shiver from the rock was form'd  
 A Bridge, which, turning to the right, with ease

70 We did ascend, and the large Circles left.  
 When in the midst of it, we stood, 'neath which  
 A vacant pallage is for those who're scourg'd,  
 My Leader said; Stop, and those wretches view  
 Whose faces now are obvious to your sight,

75 Before unseen, for they the same way came

As we ourselves. From the same Bridge we saw  
 The train distinct that came the other way ;  
 And which the whip did in like manner lash.

With out my asking, my good Master said ;

80 Regard that Hero who does his her come :  
 However great his pain, no tears it draws ;  
 What royal Aspect do's he yet retain !  
 This Jason is, who with his prowess bold,  
 And Art, the Colchians of their Fleece depriv'd.

85 At Lemnos he arriv'd when in the Isle  
 Th' enraged Women all the Males had slain.  
 With looks alluring, and with studied speech  
 The young Hypsipyle's consent he gain'd,  
 Who many women had herself deceiv'd :

90 And there he left her breeding, and forlorn.  
 Such fault him to such punishment condemns.  
 Medea's likewise in this place reveng'd.  
 They go his way who're guilty of his crimes.  
 Of the first Vale let this suffice to know,

95 And those who do their torments here inflict.

We now arrived where a narrow path,  
 Crossing the second border of the pit,  
 Sprung from its side, and form'd another Bridge,  
 From which we in the next Pit many view'd

100 Puffing for breath in their uneasy state,  
 And themselves madly beating with their hands.  
 The sides were grimed o'er with mouldiness  
 Which from the noisom fumes below exhal'd,  
 And both our noses, and our eyes attack'd.

105 The bottom was so deep that we could not  
 Look down to it, 'till we were on the top  
 Of the arch'd bridge made by th' impending rock.  
 There sev'ral plung'd in excrements I saw,  
 From human privies which appear'd supplied..

110 Whilst with my eyes I them examined,  
 One I beheld so cover'd o'er with filth,  
 (Or clerical or laic I could not  
 Discern;) who thus, rebuking me, cried out ;  
 " Why do you me more eagerly regard

115 " Than other filthy wretches in this place ?"  
 And I to him, " If I remember right,

“ I formerly have you with clean hair seen ;  
 “ And you Alessio of Lucca are :  
 “ Therefore you more than all the rest I eye.”  
 120 Beating his forehead, he replied then ;  
 “ Here flattering discourse has me immerg’d ;  
 “ With which was never satiated my tongue.”  
 My Guide then to me said ; Your face advance  
 A little, that you may distinctly see  
 125 A wretch deformed with dishevel’d hair,  
 Who scratches with her ordur’d nails her checks,  
 Now sitting on her thighs, and standing now :  
 This Thaïs is, the famed Courtesan,  
 Who to her Suiter said, when he inquir’d  
 130 Whether his gift was fav’rably receiv’d,  
 Not kindly only, but with greatest joy.  
 We with these sights were fully satisfied.

## C A N T O X I X.

**S**IMON the mighty Sorcerer, and Ye  
 Who follow him, the things which appertain  
 To God, and which should be with freedom giv'n,  
 You, list'ning to rapacious arts permit  
 5 To be obtain'd by silver and by gold.  
 'Tis fitting now my trumpet sound for you,  
 Who in the third cavernous Pit are fix'd.  
 We then the top of the next bridge assail'd,  
 And to the bottom in a straight line look'd.  
 10 O supreme Wisdom, how great is your power  
 In Heav'n, in Earth, and in the World below,  
 And with what justice is your virtue shewn!  
 The livid pavement I beheld was full  
 Of holes that round were, and of equal size.  
 15 They larger to my view did not appear,  
 Than those which in my beautiful St. John's  
 Appointed are for the baptizing Priests.  
 One of these Fonts, not many years ago,  
 I broke, to save one who was nearly drown'd :  
 20 Other suspicion then let this remove.  
 From ev'ry hole a Sinner's feet appear'd,  
 And to his calves his Legs, the other part  
 Remain'd within; on fire were both his Soles,  
 This caus'd his ankles to so nimbly move,  
 25 As would snap ev'ry cord that had them bound.  
 Quick as a Flame 'long what is oiled runs,  
 His Soles were from his heels burnt to his toes.  
 Master, I said, pray tell me who is he,  
 Flutt'ring his feet, expresses greater pain  
 30 Than his associates, and who more is scorcht?  
 When he replied; If you'd permit me bear  
 You to that bank below, you from himself  
 His case may know, as well as all his crimes.  
 Whatever pleases you to me is right,

I said,

35 I said, You are my Lord, and well you know  
 That I no other will e'er have than your's,  
 And know my thoughts before I them declare.  
 To the fourth margin then we turn'd our courie,  
 And tow'rds the left descended, till we came

40 Where we both frequent holes and narrow found.  
 But my good Master did not from his side  
 Me set in safety down, 'till near the hole  
 Of him who with his feet such pains express'd.  
 " O you, unhappy Ghost, who upside down,

45 " Like to a stike, are fixed in this place,"  
 I then began, " Speak, if you can, some words."  
 As does the Priest, who a vile murderer  
 Confesses, and who oft is called baek,  
 After he's fixt in th' earth, to death delay,

50 I stoop'd my ear to him; and he exclaim'd;  
 " If you yourself now Boniface stand there,  
 " A prophecy some years has me deceiv'd.  
 " Are you so soon so satiated with wealth,  
 " For which you have not dreaded to espouse

55 " The beauteous Church, and all her rights purloin?"  
 Like those who do not know what's said to them,  
 I stupid was, nor could I ought reply.  
 Then Virgil said: " Quickly thus answer him,  
 " I am not he, I am not he you think."

60 To his command I soon obedience paid;  
 At which the Ghost held still his moving feet;  
 And, sighing deep, with a complaining voice,  
 He said; " What more of me would you request?  
 " If you it does so much concern to know

65 " Whom I may be; since you have pass'd the bank;  
 " With the great Mantle know that I was cloath'd:  
 " My greedy av'rice truly prov'd my birth  
 " Was from a bear, and I so eager was  
 " T' advance the lesser Cubs to me allied,

70 " That with your wealth above I fill'd my purse;  
 " But in this hole below have thrust myself.  
 " Under my head are others that are dragg'd  
 " Through the stone's cleft, and down are flatly laid,  
 " Who before me were simonizing found.

75 " There also I shall fall, when he arrive,

" Whom

" Whom I believ'd you was, when you I ask'd.  
 " But my feet blister'd longer must remain,  
 " And on my head I longer time must stand,  
 " Before his burning feet be planted here.  
 80 " Yet after him a Pastor far more vile,  
 " A lawless Priest, shall from the West arrive ;  
 " And he will cover Bonilace and me ;  
 " Another Jason he will prove, of whom  
 " In the fami'd book of Maccabees you read :  
 85 " And as he to his King complying was,  
 " So will this be to him who governs France." I know not if that I were nor too bold,  
 When thus to him, a Pope, I made reply.  
 " Tell me, I pray, how much the treasure was,  
 90 " At which our Lord the Keys to Peter sat.  
 " Certain, not greater than to follow him.  
 " Nor did St. Peter and the other ten  
 " Or Gold or Silver of Matthias ask,  
 " When he by lot was chosen in the room  
 95 " Of him who late his guilty Soul had lost.  
 " Therefore 'tis right that justly you endure  
 " Your punishment ; and well defend that wealth  
 " Ill-gotten, which 'gainst Charles inflam'd your pride.  
 " It not forbid by rev'rence to those Keys  
 100 " Which your hands held, when in your life above,  
 " I should more seriously express myself,  
 " And say your Avarice oppress'd the world,  
 " Depressing good, and raiting up bad men.  
 " Th' Evangelist of you, O Pastor, writes,  
 105 " When her, who upon many waters sits,  
 " Playing the harlot with the Kings he saw.  
 " She with ten horns and seven heads appear'd  
 " With dignity, while she her husband pleas'd ;  
 " But you of silver and of gold have made  
 110 " Your God : What differs your Idolatry  
 " From that of others, but that they did one  
 " Alone, and you a hundred Gods adore.  
 " Ah, Constantine, what are the many Ills  
 " You have been parent of: I do not mean  
 115 " By your Conversion, but that pompous Gift  
 " By which our Holy Father you enrich'd !"

While I these hateful notes sung in his ears,  
 (How Rage, how Conscience, bit him to the quick!)  
 With violence he vibrated his feet.

120 I think with truth, that what I said to him  
 My Leader pleas'd, for with attention he  
 Listen'd to me, nor moved c'er his lips.  
 Then to his breast with both his arms he took  
 Me up, and bore me to the place from whence  
 125 We had descended ; and, without fatigue,  
 Me carried safely to the bridge's top  
 Which from the fourth to the fifth border leads.  
 There gently he discharg'd the load he brought  
 Through the both steep and craggy rock ; and which  
 130 A dang'rous passage to e'en goats would prove.  
 Another Vale was then to me disclos'd.

## C A N T O XX.

**I**T proper is, this twentieth Canto should  
 Verses contain of a new punishment  
 Of those immersed in th' Abyss profound.  
 I suitably was plac'd to these survey  
 5 Who were in tears of painful anguish bath'd.  
 Many I saw in the round Vale below  
 Weeping, and in a slow procession move,  
 Like those who do the Litany recite.  
 As I more closely bent my eyes to them,  
 10 Each wonderfully seem'd to have his head  
 Twisted half round, where to his trunk is join'd  
 His chin, so that his face o'er-look'd his back :  
 And in his walk he always backward went ;  
 As forward he could not discern his way.  
 15 Perhaps a palsy might have some of these  
 Twisted thus far ; yet none such have I seen,  
 Nor do I think that such is its effect.  
 If God permits you, Reader, to obtain  
 Profit from what you read, Oh, think yourself  
 20 How with dry eyes I could our Image view  
 Wash with his tears the hollow of his back.  
 Leaning against the rock, I so great grief  
 Express'd, that thus my Guide to me apply'd ;  
 Are you among the weak to be arrang'd ?  
 25 When without life, 'tis here Compassion lives.  
 Who can more wicked be esteem'd than He  
 Who thinks that the divine Decrees are wrong.  
 Raise up your head, raise up, and see  
 Amphiarus, for whom the Theban earth  
 30 Wide op'd a gulph ; and, " Whither do you fall ?"  
 All cried out ; " Why leave you thus the fight ?"  
 Nor did he stop 'till he to Minos came,  
 Whom none e'er pass without being by him judg'd.  
 Observe his Shoulders he has made his Breast,

And

35 And backwards walks, 'cause he'd too much foresee.  
 Tiresias view, who his appearance chang'd,  
 When he a Woman from a Male became :  
 And he a second time was forc'd to beat  
 The twisted serpents, 'fore he could resume  
 40 The bearded honours of a Man again.  
 This Aruns is, whose back is placed where  
 His belly should be seen : he lived in  
 The barren rocks of Luni, which are dug  
 By those who do Carrara's quarries till ;

45 'Mong the white Marbles where his Den was plac'd,  
 From whence he could the Stars survey and Sea.  
 And she whose Breasts, which are not seen by you,  
 Are with dishevel'd tresses cover'd o'er,  
 Which should more properly flow down her back,  
 50 Was Manto nam'd, who many lands pass'd through,  
 'Till to the place she came where I was born :  
 I therefore your attention now request.  
 After her Father was of life bereft,  
 And Bacchus' city brought to servitude,  
 55 Manto for long time wander'd o'er the world.  
 Above, in Italy the fair there lies,  
 At the Alps' foot, a Lake, which separates  
 Gerinania's region from the Tirollese,  
 Benaco nam'd : more than a thousand springs,  
 60 I think, between Valdimonica flow  
 And Garda ; here their waters in this Lake  
 Conjoin ; in which there is a famed spot  
 The Pastor where of Brescia, and of Trent,  
 As well as of Verona, may of right  
 65 His Blessing give, if he should go that way.  
 Peschiera, a strong fortress to oppose  
 The Brescian soldiers and of Bergamo,  
 Is placed at the bottom of this Pool.  
 'The Waters all that in Benaco run,  
 70 More than his bosom can contain, unite,  
 And a rich River flows through verdant meads.  
 Not now Benaco, but 'tis Mincio call'd  
 'Till at Governo it falls in the Po.  
 His course not long is, ere it finds a Plane  
 75 In which it spreads, and a dull Marsh becomes,

Breathing in summer's heat unwholsome fumes.  
 Passing this way, the wilder'd Virgin saw  
 Within the Fen a desert spot of land,  
 Depriv'd of culture, or inhabitants.

80 There, she with those who follow'd her from Thebes,  
 To fly all human converse, stopt her course,  
 Better to practise her presaging Art;  
 And liv'd, and left her body void of foul.  
 The Men, who were dispersed round this Marsh,  
 85 Assembled in this spot, which was become  
 A place not easily to be assaile'd;  
 On ev'ry side encompass'd with a slough.  
 They over her dead bones a City rais'd,  
 And, to her honour who had made this choice.

90 They't, without other auspice, Mantoua nam'd.  
 Gentry more frequent were within its walls,  
 Before the Casalodi's folly was  
 By Pinamonte treach'rously deceiv'd.  
 Therefore, I you apprize, if e'er you hear  
 95 A Story diff'rent of my native Soil,  
 That you should not be of the truth depriv'd.  
 My Master, then I said, all your discourse  
 Such plane conviction ever with it brings,  
 That other's is, like lifeless coals, despis'd.

100 But tell me if you any one of note  
 Discern, who in this drear procession walks;  
 For to such only does my mind attend.  
 He said; He from his chin who there his beard  
 O'er his brown shoulders spreads, when Greece was robb'd  
 105 Of all its Males, and scarcely one was left  
 Nurs'd in his cradle for some future war,  
 An Augur was, and with fam'd Calchas told  
 The time exact when they from Aulis' Port  
 Should loosen the first Ship, and cut its rope,

110 Euryppylus was call'd, and somewhere thus  
 My losry Tragedy does sing of him,  
 As you well know, for you well know it all.  
 That other who's so slender in the waist,  
 Was Michel Scotto skill'd in magic tricks.

115 Guido Bonatti, and Asdente view,  
 Who now would willingly be at his Awl

And

And End employ'd; but he too late repents.  
Those wretched Witches you may now behold,  
Who have their distaff, shuttle, needle, left  
120 The magic Art to practise, and their Charms  
To make with herbs, and Images of wax.  
But now come on, for with his brambles Cain  
Touches th' Horizon 'tween the Hemispheres,  
And beyond Seville dips into the Sea.  
125 Last night the Moon, as you then knew, was round,  
Which in the thick Wood not displeasing was.  
Thus he spoke to me, and we forward went.

## C A N T O XXI.

**D**ISCOURING thus, from bridge to bridge we pass'd,  
 (Of what my Comedy does not declare)  
 To the fifth Gulph untill we came, from whence  
 Of Maleholge we another Clest  
 5 Could view, and other plainings hear in vain.  
 This place appear'd uncommonly obscure.  
 As in the Arsenal of Venice boils  
 The pitch tenacious, when the winter reigns,  
 To caulk their ships disabled now to sail:  
 10 When some, to them refit, stop up their leaks,  
 While some their Prows, and some their Poops rebuild;  
 This makes new Oars, and this new Cables twists,  
 And this their mizzen and their mainsails mends:  
 So, in this Gulph below, by art divine,  
 15 And not by common fire, was boiling seen  
 A thick and noisome pitch, whose pest'lent smoke  
 Did with its vapours either bank desile.  
 The Pitch I saw; nought else I could discern,  
 But Bubbles which irregularly swell'd,  
 20 And then subsided in its mass compress'd.  
 Whilst with attention great I looked down,  
 Saying to me, Beware, beware, my Guide  
 From the place where I stood, call'd me to him.  
 I turned round, as one who stops awhile  
 25 To that examine from which he should fly,  
 And stands dispirited with sudden fear.  
 When soon a Devil I saw black of hue,  
 Running towards us o'er the splinter'd rock.  
 How fierce his aspect! with what cruel rage  
 30 Did he advance with wings display'd, which gave  
 To his feet Swiftnes! He his shoulder high  
 Had raised up, inflated as with pride,  
 And an Offender's haunches on it bore,  
 Holding him griped by his ankle fast.

" Ye

35 " Ye ill-fang'd Devils," he then bawled out,  
 " Who guard this bridge, I of Saint Zita here  
 " Have brought an Alderman; plunge him beneath,  
 " While to that city I return, where all,  
 " Except Bonturo, bribe for places high,  
 40 " And vilely change for money No to Aye."

He then down shot him, and with greater speed  
 O'er the hard rock return'd, than e'er a Dog,  
 When loosen'd from his chain, pursues a thief.  
 He dived down, and wallow'd in the pool.

45 The Fiends, who were beneath the bridge, cried out ;  
 " The Holy Face has here no prevalence ;  
 " Nor do they swim, as in the Serchio, here.  
 " If you would not be scratched by our poles,  
 " Lift not your head above the burning pitch."

50 They then him poked with an hundred hooks,  
 And said deridingly ; " They who dance here  
 " Should in the boiling pitch duck unobser'd."

Not otherwise the Cooks their scullions cause  
 Within the cauldron to keep down the meat

55 With their long prongs, nor suffer it to float.

Then my good Master said; That you may not  
 Be seen, behind some splinter of a rock  
 Conceal yourself, which may protection give.  
 For any opposition I may meet,

60 Dread not, as I for it am well prepar'd,  
 And have before been used to such frays.  
 He then pass'd o'er the bridge; and when he had  
 At the sixth bank arriv'd, it prudent was  
 'To have his Front serene, devoid of fear.

65 With all the fierceness, and with all the rage  
 Dogs fly upon a tatter'd beggar's back,  
 Who, stopping at some door, implores an alms;  
 The Fiends from underneath the bridge rush'd out,  
 And pointed at him with their forked hooks;

70 Who to them said, " Let none s' outrageous be:  
 " Before on me be fastened your prongs,  
 " Dispute one of your tribe who may me hear,  
 " And then on seizing me deliberate."

They loud exclaim'd; " Let Malacoda go."

75 While he advanced, all the rest stood still :

And he said to them, " What will this avail ?"  
 " Believe you, Malacoda, that I here  
 " Am come," my Master then to him replied,  
 " (Well knowing all your subtersuging wiles)  
 80 " Without the Will divine, and prosp'rous Fate?  
 " Let me pass on, for 'tis in heav'n decreed  
 " That I in this bewildred path should guide  
 " Another guest." His Pride was so subdued,  
 That at his feet he dropp'd his iron prong,  
 85 To the rest saying; " Him don't at present strike."  
 Then my Guide me address'd; O you who sit  
 Safely conceal'd behind the splinter'd rock,  
 Securely now you may to me return.  
 Therefore I quickly went to him, but all  
 90 The Devils stood before me in such ranks,  
 That they would not to their agreement keep  
 I fear'd : and thus I formerly the Foot beheld  
 Their dread express, when they Caprona left,  
 Finding themselves by enemies inclos'd.  
 95 I near my Leader drew myself, nor did  
 I turn my eyes from them, who threat'ning seem'd.  
 They to each other said, their hooks held down,  
 " Would you that I his crupper now should prick ?"  
 " Yes, do," they then replied, " and make him skip."  
 100 That Daemon, who discoursed with my Guide,  
 Quickly turn'd round, and with commanding voice,  
 Said, " Rest, Scarmiglione, quiet rest."  
 Applying then to us; " Over this rock  
 " You cannot farther pass; for the sixth bridge  
 105 " Wholly destroyed to the bottom lies.  
 " But if you're pleas'd your paſſage to advance,  
 " Along this ridge you may conduct yourselves;  
 " Another rock will then afford a way.  
 " One thousand two hundred and sixty-six  
 110 " Years are completed since 'twas broken down.  
 " I send these scouts of mine abroad, t' inquire  
 " If any have escaped from this pitch.  
 " Go you with them, for they'll you not deceive.  
 " Come forward, Alichino," he then said,  
 115 " And Calcabrina with Cagnazzo join'd:  
 " You, Barbariccia, Corp'ral of the ten,

" And

" And Libicocco from your ranks advance,  
 " With Draghinazzo full of venom'd gall,  
 " Tusked Ciriato, Grassiacone fell,  
 120 " Vain Farfarello, Rubicante wild,  
 " Look carefully around this boiling pool.  
 " Then to the other rock these safely guard,  
 " Where a sound bridge is stretched o'er the flough."  
 O Master, then I said; What's this I see?  
 125 Without a convoy we now go alone:  
 If you can pass, 'tis more than I desire.  
 If you're so quick, as you were wont to be,  
 See you not how they grind their teeth, and with  
 Their knitted eye-brows threaten us dire ill?  
 130 But he to me; I would not have you fear;  
 As much to grin permit them as they please,  
 For this is at those wretches seeth'd in pitch.  
 'Long the left bank the Demons turn'd away;  
 But first, each to their captain made a sign,  
 135 By biting hard their tongues between their teeth,  
 That they derided us; and he ere this,  
 Had sounded a loud trumpet from behind.

## C A N T O XXII.

**I** Armies in their march have often seen,  
 Now forming an attack, and rallying now,  
 And now for safety making a retreat;  
 Scouts in your land, O Arctines, I've view'd,  
 5 And Squadrons ravaging among your corn;  
 In Tournaments engaging, or in Jousts,  
 When they their orders had from Trumps receiv'd,  
 Or Bells, or Drums, or from the Castel's tow'r,  
 Or Signals of our own or foreign stamp;  
 10 But ne'er did I in motion to be put  
 With such an instrument of wind, observe  
 Or Horse, or Foot, or Ship which from the land  
 Receives its guidance, or the Polar Star.  
 With the ten Dæmons, vile associates!  
 15 We went; for as at Church we are with Saints,  
 So in the Taverns we're with Drunkards join'd.  
 My close attention to the Pitch was giv'n,  
 To observe who were boiled in this gulph.  
 As Dolphins, when they to the mariners  
 20 Make signals to preserve their ships from storms,  
 Arch up their backs; so to alleviate  
 His pain, one of these suff'ers raised up  
 His side, but, quick as lightning, sunk't again.  
 Like Frogs, which in a pond are standing seen,  
 25 With their snouts lifted up, but with their feet,  
 And swollen bodies 'neath the water hid;  
 The Sinners so on ev'ry side appear'd:  
 But soon as Barbariccia them approach'd,  
 Under the bubbling pitch they made retreat.  
 30 I saw (my heart yet shudders at the sight)  
 One stay behind, frog-like, when others spring  
 Away; and Graffican, who nearest was  
 To him, fix'd in his clotted hair his hook,  
 And, as he would an Otter, drew him up.

35 The Dæmons names I noted had, when first  
 They were appointed, and when called o'er.  
 " So on his back, O Rubicante, fix  
 " Your hook, that with it you may slay his skin,"  
 These Devils all at one time bawled out.

40 And I ; my Master, if you can, obtain  
 The information who this wretch may be,  
 Thus fallen in his adversaries power.  
 My Guide accosted him, and asked who  
 He was, alive ; to whom he thus replied ;

45 " I in the kingdom of Navarre was born ;  
 " My Father did himself to ruin bring,  
 " Lavish of his effects ; my Mother first  
 " In a Lord's service plac'd me, from thence soon  
 " I was admitted in the family

50 " Of the good king Thebaldo, and I there  
 " Bart'red my duty for seducing gold :  
 " For which I in this burning place account."  
 Then Ciriato, from each side whose mouth  
 A Tusk stood out, resembling to a boar's,

55 Made him perceive how one of them could tear.  
 Th' unhappy Mouse between two cats had got :  
 When Barbariccia grip'd him in his arms,  
 And said ; " Let me my fork now in him plunge."  
 Turning then to my Master, asked him

60 " If, ere he was destroy'd, he'd more inquire."  
 To him my Guide ; " Of others now discourse  
 " Who guilty are : Know you one here who is  
 " A Latin, sunk beneath the pitch ?" Then he ;  
 " One I left lately who dwelt in an Isle

65 " Nearly adjoining your Italian coast ;  
 " And so completely cover'd was with him,  
 " That I not dreaded either claws or hook."  
 Then Libicocco said, " Too much we have  
 " Endur'd :" and seized with his prong his arm,

70 From which he soon a gobbet tore : besides  
 Would Draghinozzo on his legs him strike.  
 The Leader of the ten, at this enrag'd,  
 Dealt many a stroke among his brother fiends.  
 When they a little were restor'd to peace,

75 My Guide, without the least delay, him ask'd,

Who still was looking at his new-made wound ;  
 " Say who is he from whom you, ill-advis'd,  
 " Have to this shoar, where you thus suffer, come ?"  
 Then he replied ; " He Fra Gomita was,  
 80 " And of Gallura, skill'd in ev'ry fraud ;  
 " Who all his master's foes had in his power,  
 " Yet so behav'd, that ev'ry one was pleas'd.  
 " He took their money, and let them go free.  
 " No piddler he, but sov'reign in his art.  
 85 " The like by Michel Zanche practis'd was  
 " With his own Master, Logodoro's Lord :  
 " And the Sardinians ever talk of him.  
 " Alas ! Look at that Fiend who grinning stands ;  
 " I would say more, but that I much do fear  
 90 " That he preparing is to scratch my poll."  
 The Captain then to Farfarello turn'd,  
 Who squinted with his eyes to aim aright,  
 And to him said ; " Ill-omen'd Fowl, retire."  
 " If you," the frightened Spirit recommende'd,  
 95 " Tuscan or Lombards would or see or hear,  
 " I'll make them come : but let these Dæmons stand  
 " Aloof, that they may dread not their revenge.  
 " And I, while sitting in this place alone,  
 " For one, as I am, will up seven call,  
 100 " Soon as I whistle ; as our custom is,  
 " To reassemble those who're gone astray."  
 Cagnazzo at these words his muzzle rais'd,  
 Shaking his head, and said ; " Hear his device,  
 " Who by this craft thinks he may dive below."  
 105 He then replied who had deceits in store,  
 " I very crafty surely must be thought  
 " When for my friends new torments I procure."  
 Here Alichin could not himself retain,  
 But his proposal, diff'ring from the rest,  
 110 He gave, and said ; " Though you to dive attempt,  
 " I shall not gallop after you with speed ;  
 " But o'er the surface of the pitch will fly.  
 " Let us both leave the hill ; and let the bank  
 " Conceal us from each other like a shield ;  
 115 " Then try, if you or I shall best succeed."  
 O you who read, shall a new wile perceive.

All to the adverse bank had turn'd their eyes ;  
 E'en he to be deceived least inclin'd.  
 The Navarrese observ'd this proper time,  
 120 Stood firmly on the ground, and quickly sprung  
 From out the Corporal's strict-griping arms.  
 At this they suddenly were all perplex'd ;  
 But he the most who had this blunder caus'd.  
 He cried aloud to him ; " Are you escap'd ?"  
 125 Which nothing signified ; as with his wings  
 He could not the poor culprit overtake,  
 Who sunk below, while this flew o'er the pitch :  
 Like to a Duck, who when the Hawk is near,  
 Dives down beneath, while he returns disgrac'd.  
 130 Inraged Calabrina at the trick,  
 (Yet not displeas'd the other had escap'd)  
 Flew after Alichin to him chastise.  
 Soon as the Navarrese had disappear'd,  
 He turn'd his talons on his brother fiend,  
 135 And on the bank was with him grappled close :  
 While this, a rav'nous faulcon, clos'd with him ;  
 'Till they into the boiling lake both fell.  
 The heat would soon have driven them from thence,  
 If so the pitch had not insnar'd their wings,  
 140 As them to extricate themselves prevent.  
 Griev'd Barbariccia then caus'd four to fly  
 From th' other side, armed with all their Prongs ;  
 These quickly having to their post recourse,  
 Held out their Poles to their entangled friends,  
 145 Who now were nearly bak'd within the crust.  
 We left them in this itksome state ingag'd.

## C A N T O XXIII.

PENSIVE, alone, without more company,  
 Each following, like Friars Minors, each,  
 We went. The strife we lately left them in,  
 Th' æsopian fable brought into my mind,  
 5 Where of the Mouse and knavish Frog it treats :  
 Than which not more are Now and Instantly  
 Alike, than these from first to last compar'd.  
 And as one thought does from another spring,  
 So now renewed was my former fear.  
 10 For thus I reason'd; These on our account  
 Are cheated, ridiculed, mock'd, and scorn'd ;  
 Therefore they will th' affront on us resent.  
 If Anger in bad minds e'er takes its root,  
 Their object, not less fiercely, they'll pursue.  
 15 Than does a Dog the Hare he 'sore had seiz'd.  
 I now perceiv'd my hair to stand upright  
 With dread ; and hast'ned not, profound in thought :  
 When I said to him ; Master, if you don't  
 Yourself and me immediately conceal,  
 20 Much from those Dæmons left behind I fear,  
 And now I think their footsteps near resound.  
 Then he ; If I a Glass were lin'd with lead,  
 More perfect I could not receive your Form,  
 Than I well know what's in your mind conceiv'd :  
 25 So similar your Thoughts are now to mine,  
 As if one counsel did direct us both.  
 If the right hand a passage shall afford,  
 By which we may to the next Gulph descend,  
 We shall fly from th' imagin'd Chace with ease.  
 30 He scarce had ended when I saw them near,  
 Pursuing us with wings extended wide.  
 My Guide me in his arms took suddenly ;  
 (As a fond Mother, wak'ned with alarms,  
 When she around her sees the raging flames,

35 Takes up her son, and the dread danger flies;  
 Wrapt in his shirt alone she seizes him,  
 His safety more regarding than her own)  
 And from the rocky bank he supine slid  
 To that below which the next Gulph consines.

40 The Water through a pipe descended not  
 So fast, of a corn-mill to turn the wheels,  
 As did my Master down the sloping rock,  
 Bearing me on his breast, more like his Son,  
 Than a companion not to him allied.

45 His Feet were barely on the bottom plac'd,  
 When on the hill above us were arriv'd  
 The Fiends; howe'er in him they caus'd no fear :  
 For Providence, who them appointed had  
 As guards to the fifth gulph, and there attend,

50 Depriv'd them of all pow'r to further move.  
 Here in this Pit we found a painted Race,  
 Bewailing much, and walking slowly round,  
 And with their load oppressed and fatigued.  
 Their Capes with so long cowl's were furnished,

55 That they hung o'er their eyes, and made like those  
 Worn by the Monks of Cologne : they were gilt  
 Thick on the outside, and so bright appear'd  
 As ev'ry eye to dazzle ; but within  
 Were form'd of lead, and were of such great weight,

60 That those of Fred'ric seemed light as straw.  
 O, to eternity fatigueing dress !

We, turning still to the left hand, went on  
 With those engaged in their sad complaints :  
 But they so slow proceeded, by their weights

65 Oppress'd, that ev'ry step which we advane'd  
 Procured us new company to join.  
 Therefore I to my Leader said ; Observe  
 If any one of those you know of fame ;  
 And, as I walk'd, I turn'd about my eyes :

70 When one, who understood the Tuscan speech,  
 Call'd after us ; " Stop, I request, your feet,  
 " Ye who run through this dingy air so fast :  
 " Perhaps ye'll know from me what ye desire."

My Guide turn'd round and said, a little wait,

75 And then, according to his pace, advance.

Still I then stood; and two I saw express  
 With looks and mind great haste to be with me.  
 Soon as they join'd, they cast a scowling eye,  
 Look'd steadfast at me, yet spoke not a word;  
 50 But, turning to each other, thus discours'd :  
 " This, by the motion of his throat, appears  
 " Alive; but, by what privilege, if dead,  
 " Are they without of lead the heavy Stole?"  
 Then to me said; " O Tuscan, who are come  
 55 " To the sad College of the Hypocrites,  
 " Disdain not to inform us who you are."  
 To them I thus replied; " I had my birth  
 " In the great city on the Arno built,  
 " And the same body which I always had  
 60 " Possess; but tell us who may you be nam'd,  
 " Down whose wet cheeks such pain-expressing tears  
 " Are flowing seen: and why thus punished?"  
 One of them then replied; " Our orange Capes  
 " Are made of lead so thick, that with their weight  
 65 " Our searee-supporting shoulders often creek.  
 " We Fra Godenti were, and Bolognese,  
 " I Catalano, he Lod'ringo nam'd.  
 " We by your City were elected both,  
 " Instead of one, to govern it in peace :  
 70 " And what we proved, it may well be known  
 " From the vile state in which Gardingo lies."  
 " O wicked Friars" — I began, but said  
 No more: for a Man fix'd on a cross  
 Before my eyes appear'd; when me he saw,  
 75 He writh'd himself, rustling his beard with sighs.  
 Fra Catalan, who this observed, said;  
 " This Wretch whom you see crucified, advis'd  
 " The Pharisees to put one man to death,  
 " The people to appease; you see him thus  
 80 " Lying, thrown down and naked, in the way ;  
 " Where he must feel the weight of ev'ry one  
 " That over him shall pass; and in this pit  
 " His Father likewise suffers, join'd with those  
 " Who did the same imprudent counsel give,  
 85 " Which prov'd to all the Jews so bad a seed."  
 115 Virgil I saw then with amazement look;

On him who lay distended on the Cross  
 Thus vilely in eternal punishment.  
 Applying to the Frier, he now said ;  
 120 " If it does not displease you, tell to us,  
 " Whether there be a passage on the right,  
 " By which we may from this place extricate  
 " Ourselves, ere the black Angels feize on us,  
 " Who come pursuing with such virulence."  
 125 He thus replied ; " Far better than you hope :  
 " Some rocks are near, which form a circle round  
 " These horrid Gulphs, excepting only this  
 " Which has been ruin'd from an early date ;  
 " Those rocks you may attain, and them avoid."  
 130 My Guide stood musing with his head inclin'd,  
 And said ; " He who hooks Sinners with his prong  
 " Us falsely of this passage notice gave."  
 To him the Frier ; " I in Bologna oft  
 " Have many vices to the Devil heard  
 135 " Ascrib'd, and frequently have known him call'd  
 " A Lyar base, and Father of untruths."  
 Then my Guide passed forward with large strides  
 Having his mind somewhat with anger mov'd :  
 Now those oppressed with their weights I left ;  
 140 And follow'd the dear footsteps of my Lord.

## C A N T O XXIV.

**W**HEN in that season of the youthful Year,  
 The Sun bencath Aquarius bathes his locks;  
 And Day and Night to equal each advance :  
 When the hoar Frost is spread o'er all the earth,  
 5 Resembling her white sister much, the Snow ;  
 (But often does not long its sharpness keep :)  
 The Husband-man, who is oppress'd with want,  
 Rises, and looks around, and sees the fields  
 Cover'd with white alone, which makes him strike  
 10 His thigh with grief, returning to his home,  
 And lament loud, not knowing where to turn :  
 But when in a short time he views the world  
 Has its appearance chang'd, his hope returns,  
 He reassumes his crook, and drives again  
 15 His Sheep, to in their usual pasture feed.  
 My Master in like manner me dismay'd,  
 When I his ruffled countenance observ'd ;  
 And I was in like manner soon reliev'd.  
 For when we to the broken bridge arriv'd,  
 20 He to me turn'd that pleasing aspect, which  
 In him, at the Mount's foot, I first had seen.  
 After he had reflected with himself,  
 Viewing the ruin well, he op'd his arms,  
 And with a fond embrace me closely pres' d.  
 25 Like him, who in whate'er he undertakes,  
 Looks forward, and provides for that's to come ;  
 He to the top of a large rock me took,  
 And bad me on the next to step, but first  
 Try if it such was as me could support.  
 30 This was no path for those with heavy Capes ;  
 For Virgil, who was light, and I, sustain'd  
 By him, could scarcely get from cliff to cliff.  
 And if this inner cirele's Bank were not  
 Narrow'r than that above, I will not fay

That

35 That he, but certainly I never should  
 Attain the spot propos'd : for as towards  
 The lowest gulph steep Malebolge tends  
 One bank does high, whilst t'other low appears  
 Of each the intermediate vales. At last,  
 40 We at the utmost splinter of the rock  
 Arriv'd, when of my breath my lungs were suck'd  
 So, that I could by no means farther go,  
 But was oblig'd immediately to sit.  
 It now is proper, said my Lord, that you  
 45 Should from this bed of your's arise ; for they  
 Ne'er Fame acquire who spend their lives in down :  
 He who, without pursuing her, consumes  
 His time, leaves of himself such tracts behind,  
 As Froth in Water, or as Smoke in Air :  
 50 Therefore rise up ; your breathing short o'ercome  
 With Courage, for it ev'ry battle wins ;  
 Unless your heavy limbs submit to sloth.  
 You are a loftier ladder to ascend :  
 Content with this alone you're not to rest,  
 55 If me you understand ; then do what's fit.  
 I now got up, appearing more in breath  
 Than really I was ; and to him said ;  
 Proceed, for I recover'd am, and stout.  
 Over the Rock we then pursued our way,  
 60 Which rugged, narrow, and fatiguing was,  
 And far more steep than that before w' had pass'd.  
 That I might not seem weak, I talking went ;  
 On which, from the next gulph a voice was heard,  
 Words utt'ring, not articulately form'd :  
 65 For what he said I could not understand,  
 Although I on the summit of the bridge  
 Was plac'd ; but he appear'd with anger much  
 Disturb'd. I looked down, yet could I not  
 See to the bottom through the air obscure.  
 70 Then I said, Master ; from the bridge's top  
 Let us descend, and to the gulph approach :  
 For what I hear I do not comprehend,  
 And, though I look, I nothing can discern.  
 I other answer do not give, he said,  
 75 Than to perform what you request ; for when

What is requested honorable proves,  
It with compliance tacitly should meet.

We to the bridge's foot went down, which joins  
To the eighth bank, from whence I clearly saw  
80 The gulph beneath, and there beheld vast croud's  
Of horrid Serpents, with such various forms,  
That yet their recollection chills my blood.  
Libya with her sands can't boast of more ;  
Although she those produces which insect  
85 The water, or which like swift arrows dart,  
Or stand erected on their tails, or those  
With many spots, or double-headed Snakes.  
Nor did all Æthiopia e'er send forth  
Such pestilence, or where the Red-sea flows.  
90 Among those biting and most noxious heaps  
Naked and terrifid Wretches ran,  
Hopeless of refuge, or an Heliotrope.  
Their hands behind them were with serpents bound,  
Which stung their reins, and twisted were before.  
95 Lo ! a Serpent one, who was on our side ;  
Bit where the neck is to the shoulders join'd :  
Nor is an I or O so quickly writ,  
As he became inflam'd, was burnt, and fell  
An heap of ashes ; which its pristine form  
100 Soon re-assum'd, how wondrous e'er it seems..  
So dies the Phœnix, as Philosophers  
Declare, and so he is again reborn,  
When he arrives at his five hundredth year :  
Nor Gras, nor Corn sustain him when alive ;  
105 But Cinnamon, and Tears of frankineense,  
And Nard, and Myrrh are only his support.  
Like him who falls he knows not from what cause,  
Whether he's forced by some Dæmon's power,  
Or fainting fit, when he arises, looks  
110 Around him stupid, and, expressing grief  
For what he's suffer'd, he sighs heavily ;  
So was this Sinner from his Ashes rais'd..  
Justice of God, O how sever it is,  
When crimes he punishes with vengeance due !  
115 My Master then demanded who he was :  
He thus replied ; " I, like an evil Sprite,

" Lately

" Lately from Tuscany into this gulph  
 " Am fall'n; a beastly, not a human Life,  
 " Me pleas'd, and like a perverse Mule I liv'd;  
 120 " Was Vanni Fucci nam'd, Pistoja was  
 " My Den, a place well worthy such a wretch."  
 I to my Guide; Command him not to stir,  
 And ask the crime that forc'd him here, for him  
 I sanguinary knew, and full of wrath.  
 125 The Sinner, who me heard nor other feign'd,  
 Turn'd to me full his face suffus'd with shame,  
 And said; " It more me grieves that in this place  
 " You have discover'd me, than when I was  
 " Depriv'd of th' other life: yet can't deny  
 130 " What you request: I here am plac'd thus low,  
 " Because I robbed of its rich effects  
 " The Sacresty, and accusation laid  
 " 'Gainst him who of the theft was innocent.  
 " But that you may not at my sight rejoice,  
 135 " If e'er you shall escape this dingy hole,  
 " Reflect on what I now shall prophecy.  
 " Pistoja first will be of Blacks depriv'd,  
 " Which Florence will assist it to replace.  
 " In Valdimagra Mars will vapours raise,  
 140 " That now in stormy clouds is deep involv'd.  
 " Impetuously it will, with tempests rough  
 " And sharp, be fought upon Picena's Planes;  
 " Where will so suddenly the Clouds be broke,  
 " That ev'ry White will there receive a wound.  
 145 " This I now tell, that it may you afflict."

## C A N T O XXV.

WHEN thus the Thief had spoken, he his hands  
 Lifted aloft with mocking signs, and cried;  
 " See these, O God, for pointed they're to you."  
 The Serpents now were to me friends become;  
 5 For one entwin'd himself about his neck,  
 As if he'd say, You shall not more blasphemie;  
 Himself another twisted round his arms  
 So tight, as their least motion to prevent.  
 Pistoja, Oh Pistoja, to reduce  
 10 Yourself to ashes you delay no time!  
 Surpassing far your ancestors in ill.  
 Through all the Circles of th' Infernal Shades,  
 No Sp'rit more haughty against God I saw;  
 Not him who fell from off the Walls of Thebes.  
 15 He flew away, without word saying more:  
 And I beheld a Centaur, full of rage,  
 Bawling aloud; " Where is, where is the Wretch?"  
 I did not think that any marshy Coast  
 Ever abounded with so many Snakes,  
 20 As he had on his horse-like crupper plac'd:  
 Below his shoulders, and behind his back,  
 A Dragon lay with wide displayed wings,  
 Which strangles all whom he encounters with.  
 This Cacus is, my Master said, who oft  
 25 Bencath Mount Aventine flow'd lakes of blood.  
 He with his brothers the same way does not  
 Proceed, who trifles fraudulently steal;  
 But robs his neighbour of large herds at once.  
 These thefts the Club of Hercules suppress'd  
 30 With strokes an hundred, but he felt not ten.  
 While we discoursed thus, he went away.  
 Under us then three Spirits came, with whom  
 Neither my Guide nor I acquainted were.  
 But when they to each other said; " Who're you?"

35 We all our talking stopp'd, attending close  
 To them, whom yet I could not recollect.  
 And as it often happens, that by chance  
 One calls another by his name, so now  
 This said; " Where thus, Ciansa, have you staid ?"  
 40 That my Guide should attentive stand, I press'd  
 My finger from my chin up to my nose.  
 If, Reader, you are tardy to believe  
 What I shall say, it will no wonder raise;  
 For I who saw it scarcely give assent.  
 45 As towards them I lift'd up my eyes,  
 A Serpent with six feet on one of these  
 Darted, and wholly fastened himself.  
 With his mid feet his body he entwin'd,  
 And with his fore he seized on his arms;  
 50 Fixing his lurid teeth in either cheek:  
 His hind were 'bout his thighs, and, with his tail  
 Between them thrust, he girded round his loins.  
 Ivy about a tree does not so six  
 Its tendrils, as this horrid monster did  
 55 Entwine its own around the other's limbs.  
 So close they stuck, as if of soften'd wax  
 They formed were; and blended so their hues,  
 That what they were, they neither now appear'd:  
 As by the fire Paper first grows brown,  
 60 Losing its white, before it black becomes.  
 The other two look'd hard at him, and each  
 Cry'd out; " O my Agnello how you're chang'd !  
 " For now you neither two appear, nor one."  
 Two Heads make one, and blended are in one  
 65 Those that two faces late distinct were seen.  
 Two Arms and Thighs composed are of four,  
 His Belly and his Breast so monstrous are  
 Become, as such before were never seen.  
 His first appearance was now wholly chang'd;  
 70 And all his Image was perversely form'd.  
 With such a figure he pass'd slowly on.  
 As in the season of the Dog-star's rage,  
 Changing his hedge, a Lizard, traversing  
 The path, a Flash of lightning to us seems;  
 75 So, tow'rds th' abdomen of the other two

A firey Serpent darting quick appear'd,  
 Livid and black, like to a Pepper's grain :  
 And, in that part where first is ta'en our food,  
 He pierced one of them, who soon down fell.

85 He who was pierc'd look'd full at him ; but nought  
 He said ; and only yawned wide, as if  
 A Fever, or sound Sleep had him assail'd.  
 He and the Serpent at each other star'd.  
 Thick Smoke then issued from the mouth of this,

85 And from that's wound ; which fumes were blended soon.  
 Let Lucan now be silent, where he treats  
 Of what Sabellus, and Nasidius felt,  
 And give attention to what here is said.  
 Of Cadmus, and of Arethusa let

90 Ovid be silent ; though a Serpent he,  
 And she a Spring became, I env' him not.  
 He never chang'd two Subjects face to face,  
 So that the one the other's form assum'd,  
 Each ready to their substances transmute.

95 These were the means by which new shapes they took :  
 The Serpent's Tail divided was in two,  
 And formed Thighs and Legs ; while those of him  
 Who wounded was, together join'd so close,  
 As if they separate had never been :

100 His cloven Tail did that appearance take,  
 Which t'other lost ; and the Skin of one  
 Was soft become, while t'other's hard was grown.  
 I saw his Arms into his armpits sink ;  
 And the short fore-feet of the reptile stretch

105 Out to that length from which those Arms had shrunk.  
 Then his hind feet, together twisted, form'd  
 The part which men conceal ; that of the wretch  
 Divided was, and two small feet display'd.  
 With a new colour Smoke then ting'd them both :

110 And Hair left one, but on the other grew.  
 One stood upright, and down the other fell.  
 No alteration underwent their Eyes ;  
 But beneath them their Visages were chang'd.  
 He who stood up, had tow'rds his temples drawn

115 Materials fit to form a human Face ;  
 His thin Cheeks from his ears were seen to sprought ;

From what remain'd a proper Nose was made,  
 And his spare Lips were to due thickness swell'd.  
 He who fell down, thrullt out a sharpen'd Snout,  
 120 And his Ears drew within his head, as does  
 A Snail his out-stretch'd horns: his Tongue which he  
 Before entire, and had for speaking fit,  
 Was split in twain; while his which forked was,  
 Became united: then the Smoke dispers'd.  
 125 The Spirit which a Serpent was become,  
 'Seap'd 'long the valley, hissing as he went;  
 While the now Man call'd after him, and spat;  
 Then his new back from him he turn'd away,  
 Saying t'his other friend; " Let Buoso now  
 130 " Crawl through these paths as I before have done."  
 This seventh Gulph I saw could thus transform,  
 And give new Shapes. Let Novelty excuse,  
 If may of flowers my Pen deficient be.  
 Although my Eyes might somewhat be confus'd,  
 135 And my Mind be at these strange sights dismey'd,  
 I planely could Puccio Sciancato see:  
 And of the three Companions which first came,  
 He was alone not chang'd: the other who  
 A Serpent was, Gaville, you lament.

## C A N T O XXVI.

**F**LORENCE, rejoice since you're so great become,  
 That your Fame flies o'er ev'ry land and sea,  
 And in th' Infernal Regions is well known:  
 Five of your Citizens among those Thieves  
 I found, which causes me to blush with shame,  
 And does no honour to your name reflect.  
 But if that ever morning Dreams prove true,  
 You'll in short time be sensible of what,  
 Not distant climes alone, but Prato near,  
 10 Longs to see happen; and which if before  
 It had befall'n, 'would not have been too soon.  
 Would it were thus, for this you've long deserv'd;  
 And more 'twill grieve me, longer 'tis delay'd.  
 Our way we then pursued, and up those steps  
 15 We had descended, when we scarce could see,  
 My Guide remounted, and me drew with him.  
 Groping along the splinters of the rock,  
 Our feet could make no way without our hands.  
 I then lamented, and I yet lament,  
 20 When I reflect on what I there beheld;  
 And more my Genius curb than I am wont,  
 That it may run not without Virtue's guide:  
 If a kind Star, or a far better cause,  
 Has me endow'd with this not commonon gist,  
 25 I would not willingly it misapply.  
 As many glow-worms as the Villager,  
 Whose life's employ'd at vintage or at plough,  
 Whilst on a hillock he reposes, sees,  
 (At that time he who all the world illumes,  
 30 For a short space withdraws himself from us,  
 And the Fly to the ev'ning Gnat gives place;) The eighth Gulph with so many fires flam'd;  
 Which I observ'd when I its bottom view'd.  
 As he who with the Bears himself reveng'd,

And

35 And saw Elijah's chariot disappear,  
 When by its horses he was rapt to heav'n,  
 But with his eyes could not pursue his course,  
 Nor, except streaks of fire, could ought discern,  
 He being from him by a whirlwind borne ;

40 To the Gulph's mouth such Flames were seen to rise,  
 And ev'ry Flame conceal'd a sinning wretch.  
 I on the Bridge did so attentive stand,  
 That, if I had not of a rock took hold,  
 I should into 't, without being push'd, have fall'n.

45 My Guide, who me observed thus intent,  
 Said, Spirits are inclosed in those fires,  
 And each is wrapt in that by which he's burnt.  
 Master, I answer'd, you me now confirm  
 In that before I had conjectured.

50 But tell me, yet, who in that Flame resides,  
 Which comes divided at its top, as if  
 It from the burning Pyre arose, on which  
 Eteocles was with his Brother plac'd.  
 He thus replied; Ulysses suffers there

55 With Diomede, who now as eagerly  
 Run to be punished, as erst with rage  
 They hasten'd to destroy the Trojan walls.  
 They both within one Flame with grief lament  
 The Horse's guile, for which that Gate was op'd,

60 Whence issued the great Ancestor of Rome.  
 Their Art they there regret, by which deceiv'd  
 Deidamia for Achilles weeps,  
 And Troy was of its fam'd Palladium robb'd.  
 If they within those sparks can speak, I said,

65 Master, I earnestly intreat, and pray  
 A thousand times, I may with them discourse :  
 The horned Flame approaching near to us,  
 Observe, I with desire lean down to them.  
 Your prayer, to me he said, deserves much praise ;

70 Yet I would have your tongue due silence keep ;  
 And let me speak; for I do much suspect,  
 That they will cautious be with you to talk,  
 As they were Greeks, and you Italian are.  
 When to that spot the Flame arrived was,

75 Which to my Guide a proper place appear'd,

I heard him then in such like words address:

“ O ye, who both are in one fire join’d,  
 “ If, while I liv’d, I have of you deserv’d,  
 “ It little or if more I’ve merited,  
 “ When in the world I lofty veries wrote,  
 “ Do not depart, but one of you declare,  
 “ Of late regardless, where you went to die.”

The larger Horn of th’ antique Flame began  
 To shake it self: with murmurs as by wind

85 It had been blown, and waving to and fro  
 Its top, like to a tongue which spoke, he said :  
 “ When I left Circé, who more than a year  
 “ Had me seduc’d, near to Cajeta’s Port,  
 “ But before thus Æneas had it nam’d:

90 “ Not the sweet fondness for a Son, nor yet  
 “ The pious duty for an ancient Sire,  
 “ Nor all the love I ow’d Penelope,  
 “ That ardor could subdue which me possest,  
 “ In distant climes experience to learn,

95 “ And human Vices well as Virtues know.  
 “ Wherefore I went into the open deep,  
 “ With a small crew who did not me forsake.  
 “ Both Shores I then beheld ; on this side Spain,  
 “ On that Maurocco : and Sardinia’s Isle

100 “ I saw, with others by the mid-sea lav’d.  
 “ My Company and I were old and slow  
 “ Become, when we arrived at that Strait  
 “ Where Hercules his well-known Pillars plac’d,  
 “ That boldly Men should not beyond advance.

105 “ On my right hand I Seville’s city left,  
 “ As on my left I Ceuta had before.  
 “ Brethren, I said, since at the western Sea  
 “ Through perils many thousand you’re arriv’d;  
 “ To that small remnant left our curions minds

110 “ Do not deny th’ attempt of following  
 “ The Sun into the World unpeopled yet.  
 “ On your original reflect, nor think  
 “ That you were made, like Brutes, to only live,  
 “ But knowledge and to virtuous acts pursue.

115 “ In my Companions I such spirit rais’d  
 “ With this short speech, that I could not restrain

“ Them

" Them afterwards from our unhappy flight.  
 " We, turning to the morning's seat our Stern,  
 " Made of our oars swift wings ; but always bent  
 120 " Our course towards the left : the Night soon shew  
 " All the bright Stars of the antarctic Pole ;  
 " And then our northern did so low appear,  
 " As not to rise above that azure Plane.  
 " Five times the Moon had re-allum'd her Torch,  
 125 " And five times fusi'd it to be extinct,  
 " From our first ent'ring into this vast Sea,  
 " When to our Crew appear'd a Mountain, brown  
 " By its great distance, and so lofty as,  
 " Before, I had not ever seen : we all  
 130 " Rejoic'd, but soon our joy to wailing turn'd.  
 " A Whirlwind quick from the new land arose,  
 " Which on its nearest quarter struck our Ship :  
 " Three times it turn'd it with the waves around,  
 " And at the fourth it lifted up the Poop,  
 135 " Sinking the Prow beneath ; nor was it long  
 " Before the Waters clos'd above our heads."

## C A N T O XXVII.

THE Flame then rose upright, and silent was,  
 And went from us with my kind Poet's leave.  
 When, lo! another, which behind it came,  
 Caus'd us to turn our eyes towards its top,  
 5 By a confused sound which thence was heard.  
 As the Sicilian Bull, that roared first  
 With th<sup>e</sup> complaints of him (which proper was)  
 Who with his plastic file had giv'n it form;  
 And lov'd to with the poor wretches voice,  
 10 That it appear'd tormented with sharp pain,  
 Although it all constructed were of brais:  
 In a like manner did this Flame, depriv'd  
 Of a free paſſage, utter out its moans.  
 When through the top the Voice a vent had found,  
 15 We heard it say; " O you whom I address,  
 " And who the Lombard language lately spoke,  
 " The other Flame permitting to depart;  
 " Although I somewhat tardy am arriv'd,  
 " Think it not tiresome a short time to stop,  
 20 " And with me to discourse; as you observe  
 " To me it is not irksome, ' though I burn.  
 " If you are fallen into this dark world  
 " From that sweet Latian earth, where I incur'd  
 " Those punishments for which I suffer here;  
 25 " Tell me if now those of Romagna have  
 " Or Peace, or War: for I was of that clime,  
 " Between those mountains whence the Tiber flows."  
 List'ning to what I heard, I looked down;  
 When my Guide gently touch'd my side, and said,  
 30 Speak you to him for he a Latian is.  
 And I, who was prepar'd to him address,  
 Immediately began; " O Ghoul, who here  
 " Are now confin'd, Roniagna without war  
 " Is not, nor ever was, nor from it e'er

" Its

35 " its Tyrants hearts exempt, though now they free  
 " Appear. Ravenna still in the same state  
 " In which it has been many years, remains.  
 " The Eagle of Polenta yet broods there,  
 " Which covers Cervia with its spreading wings.

40 " The Land which long with bloody heaps of French  
 " Has cover'd been, b. neath green Paws now lies.  
 " Verruechio's Mastiff old and young, who slew  
 " The brave Montagna, grind now with their teeth  
 " E'en those who their unhappy Subjects live.

45 " The City by Lamone bath'd, with that  
 " By the Santerno, the white Lion rules,  
 " Who sickly changes, with each season, sides.  
 " And that whose walls are by the Savio wash'd,  
 " As 'tis between the Plane and Mountain plac'd,

50 " Partakes of Tyranny, and a free State.  
 " Tell me, I now intreat you, who you are ;  
 " If it not more unpleasing be to you  
 " Than to that other Flame it was ; and if  
 " Your reputation in the world may last."

55 After the fire had, in its fashion, roar'd,  
 This way and that it mov'd its pointed Flame,  
 And blasted forth these words : " If I believ'd  
 " That my reply were to a person made  
 " Who ever should return into the world,

60 " My Flame should without any motion rest.  
 " But, since none ever from this Gulph alive  
 " Return again, if what I've heard be true ;  
 " I'll answer without fear of infamy.  
 " I was a Man of arms ; and then became

65 " A Cordelier, thinking when cinctur'd thus,  
 " That I compensated my former crimes :  
 " And this my thought had certainly prov'd true,  
 " Had not the great Priest (whom may I attend !)  
 " Sent me to recommit my ancient faults.

70 " Wherefore, and how, I'm willing you should know.  
 " Whilst I was formed of the Bones and Flesh  
 " Which me my Mother gave, what'er I did  
 " Partook not of the Lion, but the Fox  
 " All wariness, and covert ways so well

75 " I knew, that my Art sounded o'er the earth.

" When

" What to that part of life I found myself  
 " Arrived, at which we all our Sails should strike,  
 " And lost the Poles; what formerly me pleas'd  
 " Displaying then became; and of those crimes  
 8 " Me to repentance, and confession brought.  
 " Would that this had unhappy me avail'd!  
 " The Prince of the new Pharisees, who near  
 " The Lateran was waging civil war;  
 " Not with the Saracins, nor yet the Jews:  
 8; " But ev'ry Christian was to him a foe,  
 " Although they had not against Acri gone;  
 " Or, lawlers, traded in the Soldan's land.  
 " To his high office he had no regard,  
 " Nor fiered Orders, nor that Coid which us'd  
 9; " To make those who were with it girt more lean.  
 " A Constantine requested to be cur'd  
 " Of Leprosy by good Silvester's aid,  
 " Who in Soracte had himself conceal'd;  
 " This faithles Master me engag'd to heal  
 95 " His fev'rous Pride, and asked my advice;  
 " But I was silent, as I thought him wild:  
 " Then he said to me; Judge not that you're wrong,  
 " For I do you absolve, that you may teach  
 " Demolish how that I Prænestle may.  
 100 " I can both lock and unlock Heaven's gate,  
 " As you well know; for I keep both the Keys  
 " Which were not by my Antecellor priz'd.  
 " His reasons grave did fully me convince,  
 " That to be silent was the worst advice;  
 105 " Therefore I said; since, Father, you absolve  
 " Me from that crime I'm going to commit;  
 " Fair Promises without performing ought,  
 " Will make you triumph in your lofty seat.  
 " When I was dead, St. Francis for me came;  
 110 " But one of the black Cherubims thus said;  
 " Bear him not hence, infringe not on my right;  
 " Among my wretches he should go below,  
 " For having counsel given full of fraud:  
 " And for this cause I drag him by the hair.  
 115 " He who does not repent can't be absolv'd;  
 " To sin and to repent at the same time,

" Is contradiction not to be allow'd.  
 " Alas! how much I trembled, when he took  
 " Me up, and thus, deriding, said; Perhaps.  
 120 " You did not know that I'm in Logic skill'd.  
 " To Minos he me bore, who soon entwin'd  
 " Eight times his tail around his iron loins;  
 " And, as I raged with myself, he said;  
 " This Wretch is one to be inclos'd in fire.  
 125 " Therefore, You here me punisht beheld;  
 " And, clothed thus, in deep affliction move."  
 Soon as he had completed his discourse,  
 The Flame, complaining, waved to and fro,  
 Shaking its pointed horn, and from us went.  
 130 Along the rock my Guide and I then pass'd,  
 'Till we arrived on the bridge stretch'd o'er  
 The Gulph, where the due Tax is paid by those  
 Who, disuniting Friends, their conscience load.

## C A N T O XXVIII.

WHO fully could, although in prose, display ;  
 'Though oft repeated, fitly could relate  
 The blood and cruel wounds I now beheld ?  
 Surely would ev'ry tongue, and mind like ours  
 5 Defective prove in these expressing clear,  
 As they by us are barely understood.  
 If all united were, who, in the land  
 Of blest Apulia, their spilt blood deplo'rd,  
 Or by the Trojans ; or in that long war  
 10 Which made such spoils of Rings, as Livy writes ;  
 Or that in which it many wounds receiv'd,  
 When it opposed Robert Guiscard's force ;  
 And that at Ceperan, whose bones are still  
 Pick'd up, when each Apulian prov'd himself  
 15 A Traitor ; and at Tagliacozzo, where  
 Did old Alardo conquer without arms :  
 If all these slaughter'd limbs collected were,  
 They would not equal those in this ninth Gulph.  
 Like to a Cask without its middle stave  
 20 I one beheld, split downwards from his chin  
 To where the wind has vent : between his legs  
 His Bowels fell ; his Entrails all were seen,  
 With that foul Paunch which to vile excrements  
 Whatever food it swallows does convert.  
 25 While I in him beholding fixed stood,  
 He look'd at me, and open'd with his hand  
 His Breast, and said ; " View how I tear myself ;  
 " View how Mohammed is thus open burst.  
 " Ali lamenting loud before me goes,  
 30 " Whose face from's chin up to his crown is cleft :  
 " And all these others whom you here behold,  
 " Spreaders of Schism were, and thus therefore split.  
 " A Devil's here behind, who with a sword  
 " Cruelly slashes all the doleful tribe

" As

35 " As it goes round this lamentable path ;  
 " Yet ere he does return their wounds are heal'd.  
 " But who are you, that musing on the bridge  
 " Sit, to delay, perhaps, the punishment  
 " Which to your crimes is judg'd to belong ?"  
 40 " He is not dead," my Master then replied,  
 " Nor does he come to suffer for his crimes ;  
 " But to observe how he may them avoid.  
 " I, who am dead, must him through Hell conduct,  
 " And shew him ev'ry Circle as we pass."  
 45 (When they heard this, more than a hundred stopt  
 To me admire, forgetful of their pains.)  
 " You, who perhaps may shortly view the Sun,  
 " Tell Fra Dolcino that he should provide  
 " Ample provisions for himself, if he  
 50 " Would not my steps soon follow in this place ;  
 " Or, being besieged by deep snow, permit  
 " The Novarese a viest'ry to obtain,  
 " For he by other means cannot escape."  
 Thus spoke Mohammed, as he going was,  
 55 With one foot lifted up ; then forward stept.

Another, who had his wide Throat bor'd through,  
 High as his eye-brow with his Nose cut off,  
 And with one Ear alone, stopp'd to observe  
 My being there, with others much amaz'd.

60 He, first of them, his windpipe op'd, which was  
 Vermillion'd round on ev'ry side, and said ;  
 " O you who are not yet condemn'd, and whom  
 " I in the Latian earth have seen before ;  
 " If in your likeness I am not deceiv'd ;

65 " Ever if you return to that sweet Plane  
 " Which from Vercello tow'rds Mercabò leans,  
 " Then Pier da Medicina recollect ;  
 " And to the two best Men of Fano tell,  
 " Guido and Messer Angiolello nam'd,

70 " (If to foresee it here does not prove vain)  
 " They will be out of their own vessel cast,  
 " And near unto Catolica be drown'd ;  
 " By the base treach'ry of a Tyrant fell.  
 " Between fam'd Cyprus and Majorea's Isles

75 " Neptune so vile an act did ne'er behold,

" Not e'en by Pyrates, or by Grecian Crews.  
 " This Villain, who sees only with one eye,  
 " And holds that land, which he who's now with me  
 " Wishes that he it never had beheld,  
 80 " Will some invite to treat of state affairs,  
 " And so will manage, that they shall not dread  
 " Focara's winds, or offer up their vows."  
 Then I to him; " If you would have me speak  
 " Of you above, demonstrate who is He  
 85 " That wishes ne'er to have that land beheld."  
 Putting his hand to his companion's jaw,  
 His mouth he op'd, and said; " This, this is He  
 " (But now he talks no more) when driv'n away,  
 " Who Cæsar's doubts remov'd, declaring that  
 90 " The well provided suffer by delay."  
 O, how desponding Curio did appear,  
 With his tongue closely sever'd from its root,  
 Which was accustom'd to so boldly speak.  
 And one, who both his hands had lost, his Stumps  
 95 Held up so high, they smear'd his face with blood,  
 Cried out; " Keep likewise Mofca in your mind,  
 " Who said, alas! A Faet ends what's propos'd.  
 " This to the Tuscan's prov'd unhappy Seed :"  
 To which I added; " and Death to your Race."  
 100 Wherfore, accumulating grief on grief,  
 Th' unhappy Wretch, his senses lost, went on.  
 But I remained to the troop behold ;  
 And saw, unless I'd certain proof, what I  
 Could not have courage to relate as true ;  
 105 Yet a good Conscience, which does always prove  
 The best companion, and protects secure,  
 Like to a cuirass, each breast without fear :  
 I surely saw, and yet appear to see,  
 A Trunk without his head like others walk ;  
 110 Which, holding by the hair, he in his hand  
 Carried, as if it had a Lantern been.  
 Looking at us, the Head sigh'd out, " O me!"  
 He of himself did to himself afford  
 A Lamp; two were in one, and one in two:  
 115 How this could be, he knows who governs all.  
 When at the Bridge's foot I near him came,

He with his hand his Head uplifted high,  
 That what he said I might distinctly hear;  
 Which was; "Observe my grievous punishment,  
 120 " You who, 'though breathing, pass among the dead,  
 " Observe if any be so great as this.  
 " That you may of me information bear,  
 " Know that I Beltram of Bornio am,  
 " Who ill advice imparted to King John,  
 125 " And between Sire and Son rebellion rais'd;  
 " Achitophel did not a greater strife  
 " Excite 'twixt David and his Absalom.  
 " Because I sever'd those so closely join'd,  
 " Divided now, alas! my Brain I bear  
 130 " From th' Heart its chief, which in this Trunk remains.  
 " Thus is my crime retaliated on me."

## C A N T O XXIX.

THE many People, and their various wounds  
 Had so suffis'd my eyes with tears, that I  
 Desirous was to stop, and them lament.  
 But Virgil said ; Why look you stedfast thus ?

5 Why is your sight directed thus below,  
 Among the maimed and afflicted Shades ?  
 You did not so when in the other Gulphs.  
 If you may think that you can number them,  
 Know that this Valley two and twenty miles

10 Contains ; and now the Moon's beneath our feet.  
 The time is short which is to us allow'd ;  
 And things you think not of are to be seen.  
 If you'd the reason known, I then replied,  
 Why so attentively I look'd at them,

15 You my delay would have yourself allow'd.  
 My Guide I follow'd, who went slowly on,  
 Continuing my discourse ; Within that cave,  
 To which my eye I aim'd, I think a Shade  
 Related to me does that crime lament,

20 For which his Suff'rings are severe below.  
 My Master then replied ; Lament not him,  
 Attend t' another ; let him there remain :  
 For him I saw, when at the bridge I stood,  
 Point at you with his finger, threatening much ;

25 And heard his name Geri del Bello call'd.  
 Then your attention was so much engag'd  
 By him who Altasorte once maintain'd,  
 'That 'fore he left you, you would not retire.  
 His Death untimely, O my Guide, I said,

30 Not being yet by any one aveng'd,  
 (Which is disgraceful to our Family)  
 Made him thus wrathful ; and for this, I think,  
 He without speaking to me went away :  
 On this account I pity him the more.

35 Discoursing thus we to the place arriv'd,  
 Where from the Rock the other Vale appear'd,  
 And, if more lighted, to the bottom would  
 Be seen. 'To the last Cloister here we came  
 Of Malebolge, and so near approach'd,

40 That we its Converts plainly could discern ;  
 Their various Moanings 'gainst me darted were,  
 Those pity-moving Arrows were so steel'd,  
 That with my hands I cover'd both my Ears.  
 If all Diseases of the Hospitals

45 Of Valdichiana with the Marshes join'd,  
 And of Sardinia's Isle, between the months  
 Of July and September, in one pit  
 United were, such from this place exhal'd,  
 And such a Stench as from corrupted limbs.

50 On the last bank of the long Rock we went  
 Downwards, yet bearing to the left our course ;  
 And then I clearly could the bottom view,  
 Where Justice never failing executes  
 The Will of the great Sire, and punishes

55 The Falsifier, whose name's recorded here.  
 I can't believe that a more doleful sight  
 Were all the People in Ægina sick,  
 When was the Air so full of pestilence,  
 That ev'ry animal, e'en worm, fell dead,

60 (Its old Inhabitants were soon renew'd,  
 As sing the Poets, by the seed of Ants)  
 Than in this obscure Vale 'twas to behold  
 Spirits lie languishing in various heaps.  
 This on the belly, that upon the back,

65 Lay of each other, and this crawling went,  
 Changing his place along the doleful path.  
 Without e'er speaking, we ourselves pass'd on,  
 Looking and listning to these Shades disca's'd,  
 Who from the ground could not their bodies raise.

70 Two I beheld, which to each other lean'd,  
 Like earthen Vessels set up to be dried :  
 From head to foot they cover'd were with scabs.  
 I never saw a Lad so nimbly move  
 His curry-comb, when by his Master call'd,

75 Or when he wish'd to sleep, so scratch himself,

As these tore with their nails themselves, through rage.  
 To ease their icturing this was their relief ;  
 With their sharp nails to claw off the dry scabs,  
 As from a Fish the Knife scrapes off its scales.

80    " O you, yourself who with your singers tear,"  
 (Began my Guide to one of them to say)  
 " And them to pincers sometimes do convert,  
 " Tell me if any Latian's here confin'd :  
 " So may your Nails for ever ease your pain."

85    " We both are Latians whom you thus behold,"  
 Replied, complaining, one of these. " But who  
 " Are you, who do of us this question ask ?"  
 My Guide then said ; " I with this living Man  
 " Descend from rock to rock ; and him to thow

90    " Th' Infernal Regions my intentions are."  
 Their mutual support they then disjoin'd ;  
 And, trembling with dismay, both to me turn'd,  
 With those who what was talk'd rebounded heard.  
 My Master kind, addressing me alone,

95    Said ; Ask them now whatever you may please :  
 And I began, obedient to his will :  
 " If your remembrance may not stolen be  
 " From human minds in the chief world above,  
 " But that it may survive for many Suns ;

100    " Who ye are tell me, and your families.  
 " Your faults, and your disgustful punishment  
 " You may, without all fear, to me disclose."  
 One of them said ; " I of Arezzo was,  
 " And Albero of Siena was the cause

105    " Of my being burnt ; but this not plac'd me here :  
 " Truth is, I jestingly once to him said,  
 " The Art of Flying in the air I knew ;  
 " And he, who for it had great eagerness,  
 " Yet little prudence, would that I should teach

110    " To him this art ; and that I did not make  
 " Him fly like Dædalus, he caused him,  
 " Whose Son he was, to put me in the fire.  
 " But Minos, who is never wrong, condemn'd  
 " Me to this last Gulph of the ten, because

115    " I in your world had practis'd Alchymy."  
 The Poet I addressing said ; Was e'er

So vain a people as are these Sanese?  
 Certain, the French in pride exceed them not.  
 The other Leper, hearing me, replied ;

120 " Stricca except so sparing of expence,  
 " And Niccolo, who the rich fashion found  
 " Of burning Spices in that garden where  
 " Such feed's produc'd; with that choice Company,  
 " 'Mong whom Caccia d'Asciamo had consum'd

125 " His fruitful Vineyards, and extensive Woods;  
 " And Abbagliato his good sense had shown.  
 " 'Gainst the Sanesi why I second you,  
 " Sharpen your sight and you may know the cause :  
 " You will discern that I'm Capocchio's Shade,

130 " Who counterfeited Metals with my skill  
 " In Alchymy; and you should recollect  
 " That a good Ape I was of Nature's works."

## C A N T O XXX.

**W**HEN Juno was on Semele's account,  
 Against the Thebans, more than once, inflam'd,  
 So madden'd Athamas became, that he,  
 Seeing his Wife in each arm bear his Sons,  
 5 Cried out aloud ; Let us so spread our nets,  
 That I the Lions, and her two Whelps  
 May take ; and then he, stretching out his claws,  
 Seized Learchus, hurl'd him round, and dash'd,  
 Devoid of pity, 'gainst the rigid rock :  
 10 And with her other charge she drown'd herself.

When Fortune overturn'd the tow'rs of Troy,  
 And the good King was at one time depriv'd  
 Of Life and Kingdom ; wretched Hecuba,  
 Deeply afflicted, and o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
 15 After she saw Polixena was slain,  
 And, having met her Polydorus' shade  
 On the unhappy shore where he was kill'd,  
 She with her canine barkings fill'd the air :  
 Such an effect had Sorrow on her mind.

20 But neither Theban, nor was Trojan rage  
 Ever observ'd so fiercely to attack  
 The brutal race, and much less human limbs ;  
 As I beheld two naked Ghosts and wan,  
 Biting, and running with that eagerness  
 25 With which a Hog does, when his sty he 'scapes.  
 Capocchio one overtook, and on his neck  
 Fixed his fangs, and threw him on the ground,  
 So that he made his belly grate the earth.  
 He of Arezzo, who then trembling stood,  
 30 Said ; " Gianni Schicchi is this Soul condemn'd ;  
 " And alike furious does another run  
 " With him ?" which caus'd me to address him thus :  
 " So may this never fix its teeth on you ;  
 " Say who it is before it hence departs."

And

35 And he replied; " This is the ancient Ghost  
 " Of wicked Myrrha, who, with lawless love,  
 " A Mistress to her Father did become.  
 " To sin with him she took another's form;  
 " As He another counterfeited had,  
 40 " The beauteous Heifer of the Herd t' acquire,  
 " When he Buoso Donati's shape assum'd,  
 " And duly seal'd a falsified Will."  
 When the two furious Shades were gone, on whom  
 My eye was fix'd; I turned to observe  
 45 The others who ill-fated likewise were.  
 One shaped like a perfect Lute I saw,  
 If from his groin his thighs had off been ta'en.  
 The swelling Dropsy, that deforms the limbs  
 So, with a humour which all food perverts,  
 50 That with the paunch ne'er corresponds the Face;  
 Caus'd him to open wide his lips, like one  
 Asthmatic, who, enduring parching thirst,  
 Raises one up, and t'other downward drops.  
 " O ye, who free from punishment (but why  
 55 " I do not know) are in this wretched world,"  
 He to us said; " View Adam's misery.  
 " I, when alive, what I desir'd enjoy'd;  
 " But for a drop of water now I sigh.  
 " The Riv'lets, which from the green hills descend  
 60 " Of Casentino down to Arno's banks,  
 Making their passage fresh and moist, appear  
 " Always before me, but, alas! they bring  
 " No succour, for their image parches more  
 " Than does the thirst that robs my face of flesh.  
 65 " Now, rightly punishing, strict Justice draws  
 " Fit reasons from the place in which I've sinn'd,  
 " Why I should more lament; Romena 'tis,  
 " Where I had falsified the Baptist's Coin,  
 " And for which cause I left my body burnt.  
 70 " But if I here could see the suff'ring Souls  
 " Of Alexander, and his brothers twain,  
 " I would not give the sight for Brana's spring.  
 " One is already here; if the mad Shades,  
 " Who run about, say true; but what avails  
 75 " All this to me, who by the Dropsy have

" My Limbs confin'd? If I so nimble were,  
 " As in a hundred years to move one mile,  
 " I should the journey have ere this begun,  
 " Seeking for him 'mong the deformed crowd ;  
 80 " Although to travel cross this Gulph exceeds  
 " Eleven miles. I here on their account  
 " Am brought; and they with me so far prevail'd,  
 " That I, three carats base, did Florins coin."

Then I to him : " Who are those wretched two  
 85 " Smoking as does a hand in winter wash'd,  
 " And lying on your right hand closely join'd ?  
 " I found them here, when I into this gulph  
 " Was shower'd down ;" he answer'd; " nor have they  
 " Ever turn'd round, nor, think I, ever will.  
 90 " One the chaste Joseph falsely did accuse,  
 " The Grecian Simon is the other, who  
 " With false pretences Troy deceiv'd; now they  
 " Burnt with a fever, such hot stench exhale."

One of the last, who much displeased was  
 95 For having so disgracefully been nam'd,  
 Struck his hard belly with his double fist,  
 Which sounded as it were a beaten Drum.  
 Then Master Adam hit him o'er the face  
 With his strong arm; " Though I'm depriv'd," he said

100 " Of motion by the great weight of my limbs,  
 " Yet I an Arm have for this office free."  
 To which he answer gave; " When you was burnt,  
 " You had it not s' obedient to your will;  
 " Though, when you coin'd, it was at your command."

105 He with the dropsy; " You say true in this,  
 " But did not so true testimony give  
 " When you examin'd strictly was at Troy."  
 Simon replied; " If I spoke falsely once,  
 " You many times have falsified the Coin."

110 To this he said; " Think of the perjury  
 " Relating to the Horse with swollen sides,  
 " And your own guilt confess; as does the world."  
 " The Thirst which bursts you ;" the Greek answer'd him;  
 " And the corrupted Water in your paunch,

115 " By which your Sight's obstructed, you condemn."  
 The Coiner then; " Your mouth is open'd wide,

" To

" To sly, as it was wont, whatever's ill.  
 " If I'm athirst, the Dopsy me supplies.  
 " Your aching head, and burning fever cause,  
 120 " Without for invitation waiting long,  
 " You to desire to lick Narcissus' Glass."  
 To listen to them I attentive was,  
 When my good Master said to me; Beware,  
 For I to quarrel with you am induc'd.  
 125 When I perceiv'd him angrily to speak,  
 I to him turned, cover'd so with shame,  
 That in my memory it yet is fix'd.  
 As he, who of what's hurtful to him dreams,  
 Is still desirous to prolong his sleep,  
 130 Hoping that what he dreams may not prove true;  
 So did I muse, without all pow'r to speak:  
 But yet, desirous to myself excuse,  
 I did effect it, without knowing how.  
 My Master said; Less Shame would wash away  
 135 A greater fault than that now done by you:  
 Therefore, of all uneasiness discharge  
 Yourself; and, that I present always am  
 With you, imagine; if, perchance, you e'er  
 In such contesting company shall fall.  
 140 Low Minds alone will hearken to these Strifes.

## C A N T O XXXI.

**T**HE same Tongue first did me severely wound  
 So, that with blushing ting'd was either check,  
 And then a healing med'cine to me bring :  
 As I have heard related of the Spear,  
 5 Which to Achilles and his Sire belong'd ;  
 That it first gave, and then reliev'd the pain.  
 We on that wretched Valley turn'd our backs,  
 The Bink repassing, without saying word.  
 'The Light was so obscure 'tween night and day,  
 10 As before me my Sight could scarce advance.  
 But the loud sounding of a Horn I heard,  
 Which would all Thunder silence ; and by this  
 Directed were to that one spot my steps.  
 After the melancholy rout by which  
 15 The schemes of Charlemagne defeated were,  
 Orlando's Trump did not so horrid sound.  
 I listed up my head, and thought I saw  
 Before me many lofty Towers rise ;  
 Wherefore I said to him ; Tell, Master, what's  
 20 This Country nam'd ? and he to me replied ;  
 By looking through this dingy air you err,  
 And your imagination this deceives :  
 You'll truly see, when you shall closer go.  
 If by the distance is misled your Sight,  
 25 A nearer view the error will correct.  
 Then kindly took me by the hand, and said ;  
 Before we farther do advance, and that  
 It, unexpected, may not strange appear,  
 Know that these Giants, and n'r Towers, are,  
 30 Who round the border of the Gulph are seen ;  
 But downwards from the navel are conceal'd.  
 When a Cloud dissipates, the Objects plane  
 Are one by one discern'd, which were before  
 By vapours thick obscur'd : so, nearer when

35 The Bank I approach'd, my former error was  
 Fully clear'd up, and all my fe<sup>r</sup>s di<sup>l</sup>er'd.  
 As Towers Montereggion's Castel crown,  
 So horrid Giants do surround this Wall,  
 Half only 'thoug<sup>h</sup> in view; whom Joy yet threats,  
 40 Whene'er he thunders from his lofty sky.  
 The face of one I now discerned plain,  
 His shoulders, belly, breast, and both his arms.  
 Right, certainly, did Nature, when she left  
 Of forming such like animals the art,  
 45 And of such instruments deprived war.  
 'Though she of Elephants and making Whales  
 Do not repent, to one consid'ring well  
 It will appear with discreet judgment done:  
 For where the mind to bad Intention's join'd,  
 50 And with a Pow'r what's ill design'd to act,  
 None can himself from such a force defend.  
 To me his Face appear'd both long and large,  
 Like to the Pine which at St. Peter's seen;  
 And all his bones to it proportion'd were.  
 55 Above the Bank (which served to conceal  
 Like breeches, all the parts below the w<sup>i</sup>ste)  
 So much was seen, that three tall Friezlanders  
 In vain could boast to reach up to his hair:  
 And from his middle, the spee<sup>r</sup>e I observ'd  
 60 Of thirty Palms, to where men tie their cloaks.  
 Confused Jargon burst from his fierce Mouth,  
 To which no milder sound e'er suited w<sup>i</sup>ss.  
 My Guide then to him said; " O silly Ghost,  
 " Keep to your Horn, and with it vent yourself,  
 65 " When by some passion, or by anger mov'd:  
 " Feel round your neck, and you will find the strap  
 " That it across your breast vast-spreading girts."  
 And then to me; He's by himself accus'd:  
 'This Nimrod is, by whose vain-glorious scheme  
 70 One Tongue alone's not used in the world.  
 We, leaving him, spoke not, as 'twas in vain;  
 For ev'ry language was to him unknown,  
 And no one understood what e'er he said.  
 Turn'd to the left, we went a longer way,  
 75 And, at the distance of a cross-bow's shot,

We found another larger and more fierce.  
 Who girt him round 'tis not for me to say,  
 But his left Arm before, and at his back  
 His right was bound by an encircling chain,  
 80 Which all his body, that discover'd was  
 Below his neck, five times about entwin'd.  
 This haughty Giant would his power try  
 'Gainst Jove himself; my Leader to me said;  
 And this reward has therefore merited.

85 He Ephialtes' nam'd, and great effort  
 Made when the Giants struck the Gods with fear.  
 His Arms, which then he us'd, now stir no more.  
 Then I to him; If possible it be,  
 To the enormous Briareus behold

90 My eyes have great desire, to which he said;  
 You soon will to Antæus come, who speaks,  
 And is himself unbound; he will convey  
 You to that Pit where the most wicked lie.  
 He whom you ask for is far hence remov'd,

95 Is bound, and, Ephialtes like, entwin'd;  
 But far more fierce he in his face appears.  
 No Earthquake did so powerfully shake  
 A lofty Tower, as this Giant when  
 Himself he shook; which struck me with such dread,

100 That instantly would have my life been gone,  
 If I had not observ'd his chains were tight.  
 We then advanced farther in our course,  
 And to Antæus came, who full five Ells,  
 His Head excepted, rose above the bank.

105 " O You, who have in that propitious Plane  
 " (Which Scipio made of so great glory heir,  
 " When Hannibal and's army turn'd their backs)  
 " A thousand Lions often hunted down;  
 " And, with your brothers if you'd gone to fight,

110 " 'Tis thought the Sons of Earth had Conq'rors prov'd:  
 " We you desire, expressing no disdain,  
 " To place us near Coeytus' frozen stream.  
 " To Tityus, or to Typhon send us not,  
 " Though they can grant what we of you request :

115 " Therefore stoop down, nor wrinkle up your snout.  
 " For this my Charge can spread your fame above,

" As he's alive, and long expects to breathe,  
 " Unless by Heav'n he's claim'd before his time."  
 So said my Master; and Antæus took  
 120 Him up in haste, extending out those Arms  
 Whose pow'rs were once to Hercules well known.  
 When Virgil to be taken up perceiv'd  
 Himself, he to me said, contrive that I  
 May take you likewise, and one package make.  
 125 As Carisenda, when a cloud flies o'er  
 The side that's opposite to which it leans,  
 Hanging appears to him who sits beneath :  
 So did Antæus seem to me, when I  
 Observ'd him stoop ; and then desirous was  
 130 To pass the other way : but gently he  
 Down set us in the bottom of that Pit  
 Which Lucifer and Judas does devour.  
 When this he'd done, without the least delay,  
 Straight as a Mast himself he upright rais'd.

## C A N T O XXXII.

**I**F I were master of such diction rough,  
Which would the miserable Gulph best suit,  
Tow'rs whose dark op'ning ev'ry bridge inclines,  
I should more planely what I think expres'.

5 But as I am not, I shall it attempt  
Not without fear lest I may in it fail.  
No trifle 'tis the Centre to describe  
Of the whole Universe, nor does't become  
The Mammy or the Pappy of a child.

10 But may those Ladies animate my Lines,  
Who to Amphion due assistance gave  
To raise the Theban walls; and me instruct  
Close to the truth to what is done relate.  
O Traitors, wretched far above the rest,

15 Who in this place remain, of which to talk  
Much it displeasing is; it better were  
If ye had mortal Sheep or Goats been made.  
When we were at the Pit obscure arriv'd,  
Greatly beneath the Giant's feet, and when

20 I was admiring the high wall which it  
Encompass'd round, I heard one to me say,  
" How you pas's here take care, lest tread you should  
" Under your feet your wretched brethren's heads."  
I therefore turned, and before me saw

25 A frozen Lake that Ice, not Water, seem'd.  
Nor Austrian Danube e'er became so hard,  
Nor Tanais in its cold climate bound;  
And if the lofty mountain Taberniech,  
Or Pietrapana on it fallen had,

30 Such creaking it would never have produc'd,  
As from the borders of the Ice was heard;  
Like to the croaking of a Frog, when he  
Stands with his muzzle 'bove the water's brim,  
In summer, when the peasant's wife intends

35 The fields to traverse, and to glean her corn.  
 With livid faces (where's the seat of shame)  
 Ghosts were lamenting sore within the ice,  
 Sounding with chatt'ring teeth the notes of Storks.  
 His guilty countenances each downward held;

40 Their Mouths the cold, their Eyes their grief declar'd.  
 After I'd sometime look'd around, my eyes  
 I cast down to my feet, and saw so close  
 Two join'd together, that their hair was mix'd.  
 " Tell me," I said, " who you may be that thus

45 " Strictly gripe each other's breast? Up they stretch'd  
 Their necks; and when they had their faces rais'd,  
 Tears flowing from their eyes dropp'd on their lips,  
 Which soon close frozen were: nor ever did  
 Two planks a Dovetail so tenacious hold.

50 With anger therefore spurred on, like goats  
 They 'gainst each other butted with their heads.  
 And one, who both his ears ha' lost with cold,  
 Said to us, but his head still holding down;  
 " Why do you look at us so stedfastly?

55 " Who these two are, if you're inclin'd to know;  
 " The Valley, where Bisentio's river flows,  
 " Did to their father Albert once belong,  
 " And then was their's; one belly bore them both.  
 " Y' examine may all Caina through, before

60 " A Ghost you'll fitter for this Jelly find;  
 " Not that, who's breast was pierc'd by Arthur's hand;  
 " Nor yet Focaccia, nor yet he whose head,  
 " Before me thrust, prevents me more to see.  
 " His name was Sasso Mascheroni call'd.

65 " You'll know him well, if you a Tuscan are.  
 " And that you may not force me more to talk,  
 " Know I Camiscion of the Pazzi was,  
 " And expect Carlin to me justify."  
 Grinning, like dogs, with cold a thousand Heads

70 I saw, which can'sd a shiv'ring to me seize;  
 And frozen Fords will always haunt my sight.  
 While we towards the Centre went, to which  
 All bodies gravitate, I trembling stood  
 In that recess for ever dark and cold.

75 Or by Design, or Destiny, or Chance,

I cannot say; but passing 'mong the heads,  
 I on his face one kicked with my foot:  
 Plaining, he me rebuk'd; " Why trample thus  
 " On me? Unless you come t'avenge the rout  
 80 " Of Mont'aperto, why d'you me molest?"  
 I to my Master said; Stay for me here  
 Awhile, 'till I with him clear up a doubt;  
 Then I will make whatever haste you please.  
 Silent he stood; and I applied myself  
 85 To him who yet most bitterly revil'd.  
 " Tell who you are that others thus rebuke."  
 " Pray tell me who You are," he quick replied,  
 " That, as you pass through Antenora, kick  
 " Whatever cheeks you find? If you alive  
 90 " Had done this act, it could not well be borne."  
 " I am alive;" was my reply; " and this  
 " May useful prove, if you should fame desire,  
 " That I your Name may in my notes insert."  
 Then he to me; " The contrary I ask;  
 95 " Begone, and me no more disquiet give;  
 " For ill you know to in this place cajole."  
 The nape then of his neck I seiz'd, and said;  
 " You either shall your name to me declare,  
 " Or I'll this hair I hold pluck off your head."  
 100 He answer'd then; " Why tear you thus my locks?  
 " I will not tell you who I am, although  
 " A thousand times you toss my head about."  
 Much of his hair I'd in my hand torn off,  
 While he was roaring with his eyes cast down.  
 105 Another then exclaim'd; " Why, Bocca, thus?  
 " Is't not enough that you should gnash your teeth  
 " With cold, but you must likewise roar aloud?  
 " What Devil now does instigate your rage?"  
 I to him said; " I want not you to talk,  
 110 " Persidious Traitor, for to your great shame  
 " 'Twill prove, when I the truth alone shall tell."  
 " Get hence," he answer'd, " and say what you please.  
 " But, if you c'er from this place shall escape,  
 " Silent be not of him who ready had  
 115 " His tongue, and still of the French bribes complains;  
 " You may relate, I of Duera saw.

" Him in that place where stand offenders cool.  
 " If you should who the others were be ask'd;  
 " You him of Beecheria 've near your side,  
 120 " Whose throat with justice was by Florence cut.  
 " Gian' del Soldanier I think farther off  
 " With Ganellone stands, and Tribaldell  
 " Who op'd Faenza at the time of sleep."  
 When we departed were from him, I saw  
 125 Two frozen in one hole; the head of one,  
 Like to a hat, the other's cover'd o'er:  
 And, greedily as bread in hunger's eat,  
 In th' under's skull the upper fix'd his teeth,  
 There where the brain's united with the neck.  
 130 Not with less joy did Tydeus, in revenge,  
 His great foe Menalippus' temples tear,  
 Than did this Shade the other's head devour.  
 " O you, who with such bestial signs declare  
 " To him your hatred upon whom you feed,  
 135 " On this condition tell the cause," I said,  
 " That if with reason you of him complain,  
 " When who you are, and his crime I shall know,  
 " I in the World above will found your praise:  
 " Unless that Tongue with which I speak be dry."

## C A N T O XXXIII.

HIS mouth this Sinner from the fell repast  
 Withdrew, and wip'd it with that hair he'd torn  
 From the head's hinder part ; then thus began :  
 " You me request to that deep grief renew,  
 5 " Which my heart tortures 'fore I tell the tale :  
 " But if my words base fruits of infamy  
 " Can to this Traitor whom I gnaw produce,  
 " Wailing with tears, I shall the whole relate.  
 " I can't say who you are, nor by what means  
 10 " You here below are come : but Florentine  
 " You seem to be, when you discourse I hear.  
 " Know then, that I Count Ugolino was,  
 " And the Archbishop Ruggieri this.  
 " Why thus I treat him I'll to you unfold.  
 15 " That, trusting to his machinations vile,  
 " I taken was and died, I need not say ;  
 " But, what from others you could not have heard,  
 " How cruel was my death, I mean, you now  
 " Shall learn ; then judge yourself of his offence.  
 20 " A little hole within that dingy Coop  
 " (Which from me soon the name of Famine took,  
 " And in which more will be hereafter shut)  
 " Through its small chink afforded me some light :  
 " When in the early morn I slumb'ring dreamt  
 25 " What of my future fate remov'd the veil,  
 " Hunting a Wolf and's young a Prelate seem'd,  
 " And driving to that mountain which deprives  
 " The Pisans of the sight of Lucca's planes.  
 " Lean Hounds, who were attentive to their prey,  
 30 " By the Gualandi and Sismanodi led,  
 " With those of the Lambranchi, them pursued.  
 " In a short time, the Father and his Sons  
 " In the course falter'd, and their haunches soon  
 " Appear'd to be by their sharp tusks torn.

" When

35    " When I, ere yet 'twas morn, awaken'd was,  
   " I heard my children in their sleep complain,  
   " And ask for bread. You must most cruel be,  
   " If with due feeling you do not lament,  
   " Thinking on that my bleeding heart presag'd.

40    " If not for this, for what will you e'er grieve?  
   " They likewise wak'd ; and the due hour approach'd  
   " When their accustom'd food was to them brought :  
   " This now they doubted, by their dreams alarm'd.  
   " The horrid Tower's jarring door I heard

45    " Nail'd up, at which with steddy eyes I look'd  
   " In my Sons faces, without utt'ring word.  
   " I, petrified with grief, did not lament,  
   " But they their lamentations sore expres'd.  
   " My Anselmuccio said ; O Father, why

50    " Do you thus look ? pray tell to us the cause.  
   " Still I wept not, nor spake I that whole day,  
   " Nor yet the following night : another Sun  
   " Did then arise; and I, by a dim ray,  
   " Which glimmer'd faint in the dolorous den,

55    " My count'nance could in my four Sons discern.  
   " With frantic anguish I bit both my hands :  
   " They, thinking this was with desire to eat,  
   " Quickly stood up, and said ; O Father 'twill  
   " Hurt us far less, if you would on us feed :

60    " For, as you've cloath'd us with this wretched flesh,  
   " You have a right of it to us despoil.  
   " To not increase their woe, I quiet then  
   " Remain'd; we that day and the next were mute.  
   " Hard-hearted Earth, why op'd you not for us !

65    " When to the fourth day we arrived were,  
   " Gaddo fell down extended at my feet,  
   " Saying, My Sire, why give you not your aid ?  
   " And then expir'd. As you behold me here,  
   " I, one by one, the others fall beheld

70    " Between the fifth day and the sixth: then I  
   " My eye-sight lost, and, groping, felt for them,  
   " Calling for three days on their names, 'thoug dead.  
   " Famine at last did more for me than Grief."  
   When this he'd said, he, with distorted eyes,

75    The skull detested scranch'd between his teeth,

As a Dog when a mangled bone he gnaws,  
 Ah, Pisa the disgrace of those who dwell  
 In that fair Land where the Italian's spoke !  
 If slow to punish you, your neighbours prove,  
 80 May both Capraia's and Gorgona's Isles,  
 Move from their rocks, and stop up Arno's mouth,  
 'Till ev'ry person in your city's drown'd;  
 Which a new Thebes for wickedness is fam'd.  
 Suppose the Count your Castels had betray'd,  
 85 His Sons you ought not thus severely treat;  
 Their tender age their innocence declar'd,  
 Uguccione with Bragata join'd,  
 And th' other two whose names above are sung \*.

We

\* Chaucer, in his *Monkes Tale*, v. 14717.—14772. (which is supposed to have been written about 1383.) has related this tragical story of " *Hugelin of Pite*," taken from

" — the grete poete of Itaille,  
 " That highte Dante." —

So early had the Fame of Dante flown to England. And a few years since, a very elegant and poetical Translation of it in Rhyme, was published by the Earl of Carlisle, a Nobleman who at this time [1782] most worthily possesses the highest Office in a neighbouring Kingdom.

Mr. Richardson, in his " Discourse of a Connoisseur," p. 26, &c. has likewise given a Tranlation; and in it asserts that the Hieroglyphic Language of Painting completes what Words or Writing [either in the History of Villani, or the Poem of Dante] began, and Sculpture carries on.

" The Historian, and Poet (says he) having done Their parts, comes Michelangelo Buonarrotti, and goes on in a Bas-relief I have seen in the hands of  
 " Mr. French."

Before we proceed farther, it may not be improper to observe that Vasari (in his Life of Pierino da Vinci, nephew of Lionardo da Vinci, and an eminent Sculptor who worked in the *Stile* of Michelangelo) informs us that Pierino made a Basso-relievo of this subject in Wax, and afterwards cast it in Bronze, in which the Sculptor moves not less pity than the Poet. From this many other Casts were afterwards taken in Plaister; and Mr. Richardson himself, in the French Edition of this book, p. 139. expresses some doubt of the Artist.

The Sculptor, continues Mr. Richardson, shews us the Count " sitting with  
 " his Four sons, one dead at his Feet, Over their Heads is a Figure repre-  
 " senting Famine, and underneath is another to denote the River Arno, on  
 " whose Banks this Tragedy was acted. Michelangelo was the fittest Man  
 " that ever liv'd to Cut or Paint this Story: if I had wish'd to see it repre-  
 " sented in Sculpture, or Painting, I should have fix'd upon this Hand; he  
 " was

We passed on to where the Frost confines  
 90 Another tribe, not prone, but supine turn'd.  
 Weeping itself prevents them more to weep.  
 Th' accumulated drops flown from their eyes  
 Turn others back, and thus increase their pain :  
 The first Tears frozen form a group of ice,  
 95 And, like a Mask of crystal, fill the space  
 Between the cheek-bone and th' o'er hanging brow.  
 Although my face was, by the cold severe,  
 Callous become, and of all sense depriv'd,  
 I yet perceiv'd a little wind to blow .  
 100 Wherefore I, Master, said ; What causes this ?  
 Are not all vapours in this place extin&t?  
 To this he answer'd; Quickly you'll be where  
 Your eyes to what you ask will make reply ;  
 Seeing the cause that makes this blast arise.  
 105 One of the wretches in the frozen crust  
 Call'd out to us, " O ye most cruel Shades,  
 " Before ye shall in your last post be fix'd,  
 " Remove these vails hard binding from my eyes.  
 " That I may vent the grief my heart torments,  
 110 " Ere that my running tears may re-congeal."

" was a Dante in his way, and he read him perpetually.—In this admirable  
 " Bas-relief there are Attitudes, and Airs of Heads so proper to the Subject,  
 " that they carry the Imagination beyond what the Historian, or Poet could  
 " possibly.—'Tis true a Genius Equal to that of Michelangelo may form to  
 " itself as Strong, and Proper Expressions as these; but where is that Genius!—  
 " And could we see the same Story Painted by the same great Master, it will  
 " be easily conceiv'd that must carry the Matter still farther: There we might  
 " have had all the Advantages of Expression which the Addition of Colours  
 " would have given.—These would have shewn us the Pale and Livid Flesh  
 " of the Dead, and Dying Figures, the Redness of Eyes, and Blewish Lips of  
 " the Count, the Darkness, and Horroure of the Prison, and other Circum-  
 " stances, beside the Habits.—These might be contrived so as to express the  
 " Quality of the Persons the more to excite our Pity, as well as to enrich the  
 " Picture by their Variety."

What Mr. Richardson despaired of has been since performed by the, in every  
 particular, transcendent President of the Royal Academy, whose Ideas are  
 always great, and Execution expressive.

To him I said ; " If you desire that I  
 " Should you relieve, first tell me who you was.  
 " If to you I do not assistance give,  
 " The lowest Ice will be my fittest place."

115 " Fra Alberigo I am," he replied,  
 " From a bad gurden I have gather'd fruit,  
 " And in this place exchange my Figs for dates."  
 " O," said I to him," are you now deceas'd?"  
 And he to me ; " What state my Body's in

120 " The world above, I have no knowledge of.  
 " This great advantage Tolomea has,  
 " That oft the Soul falls into't long before  
 " It from the Body Atropos disjoins.  
 " And that you may more willingly scrape off

125 " My face the Tears which, frozen, Glafs appear;  
 " Know, that soon as the guilty Soul betrays,  
 " Like mine, the Body by a Dæmon is  
 " Posses'd, who ev'ry act of it directs,  
 " Till its allotted time's completely run :

130 " But, first the Soul in this deep eistern falls.  
 " Likewise, perhaps, the Body's still alive  
 " Of that Ghost, who behind me stands benumm'd.  
 " If you go low'r, the truth of it you'll know.  
 " He Branca d'Oria is, and many years

135 " Have pass'd, since he was in this place inclos'd."

I said to him, " Sure, you on me impose;  
 " For Branca d'Oria is not yet deceas'd,  
 " But eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and cloaths himself."  
 " In the fell Dæmons Gulph above," he said,

140 " Where the tenacious Pitch was boiling seen,  
 " Then Michel Zanche was not there arriv'd.  
 " This Shade a Dæmon in his Body left;  
 " Another was to his Relation's sent,  
 " Who acted with him in this treach'rous deed.

145 " But now you should extend your hand this way,  
 " And ope my Eyes." This I did not perform :  
 To be a Knav to him was acting right.

Ah Genouese, ye Men who are averse  
 To what is good, and prone to all that's ill,  
 150 Why are ye not extirpated the world?  
 With a worse Sprite than c'er Romagna gave,  
 I have found one of you, for whose ill a<sup>cts</sup>,  
 His Soul is in Cocytus river bath'd,  
 While yet above his Body seems alive.

## C A N T O    XXXIV.

THE Banners of th' Infernal King tow'rds us  
 Approach; therefore, my Master said, your eyes  
 Advance, and try if you can him discern.  
 As when a thick and cloudy sky prevails;  
 5 Or when our Hemisphere's obscure'd by night,  
 A Mill at distance 's seen turn'd by the wind;  
 Such was the object that to me appear'd.  
 I, to avoid the wind, behind by Guide  
 Retir'd; for no protection else was near.  
 10 There, (and with dread I put it into verse)  
 There, were the Shades all cover'd o'er with Ice,  
 And seen transparent like a reed in glass.  
 Down some were lying, others stood upright,  
 This on his feet, and that was on his head;  
 15 And this with 's face bent down, curv'd like a bow.  
 When we were both so near to him advanc'd,  
 As it my Master pleas'd to shew to me  
 That Being, which once was beautifully form'd;  
 Before him he me took, and to me said;  
 20 Now Dis behold, and this is now the place,  
 Where you with fortitude should yourself arm.  
 How frozen I was then, and hoarfe with cold,  
 Reader, ask not; for I nought of it write,  
 As 'twill too little prove, whate'er I say.  
 25 I did not die, nor yet alive remain'd.  
 'Think for yourself, if you have any sense,  
 What I then was, depriv'd of Life and Death.  
 The Emperor of this domain of woe  
 From his mid-breast arose above the ice:  
 30 Far nearer to a Giant's is my size  
 Than Giants are when to his Arms compar'd.  
 How large would he appear, if wholly seen,  
 Judging from what we view, of what's conceal'd!  
 As ugly now, if he as handsome was,

And

35 And 'gainst his Maker rais'd his haughty brow ;  
 'Tis right all wailings should from him proceed.  
 O, how it wonderful to me appear'd,  
 When I beheld three Faces to his head !  
 The one before was of vermillion hue :

40 The other two, which were to this conjoin'd,  
 Rose from each shoulder, joining in a Crest ;  
 That on the right, 'tween white and yellow seem'd ;  
 The left was like that Soil whence flows the Nile.  
 Two monstrous Wings grew under each of these,

45 Such as became a Fowl of his large size ;  
 Sails of a Ship I never saw so vast.  
 These had no feathers, but were bare like bat's :  
 And, as they mov'd, three blasts of wind were blown,  
 By which Cocytus all was frozen o'er.

50 With his six Eyes he wept, and down three Chins  
 Both gushing Tears, and bloody Slaver ran.  
 A Sinner's bones were broke with each mouth's teeth,  
 As by an Engine mashing flax ; and thus  
 Three at one time most severe tortures bore.

55 The Biting which the foremost Sinner felt  
 Was trifling, to those scratches when compar'd,  
 Which sometimes left his fides quite bare of skin.  
 That Soul which there endures the greater pain,  
 Judas Iscariot is, my Master said,

60 Whose Head's within his mouth, his Legs without.  
 Of th' other two that have their heads hung down,  
 He's Brutus, who from the black muzzle hangs ;  
 See how he writhes, and yet says not a word :  
 The other's Cassius, who so nervous seems.

65 But the Night rises, and 'tis now fit time  
 That we from hence should go, as we've seen all.  
 Complying with him, I clang round his neck :  
 He took his proper place, and time observ'd ;  
 And when the Wings a fitting op'ning made,

70 He closely to his shaggy side adher'd.  
 From hair to hair he then descended down,  
 Between the thick fur and the frozen ice.  
 When at that place we were arrived, where  
 The thigh is to the swelling hip conjoin'd,

75 My Guide, with great fatigue and energy,

Turn'd down his Head to that spot where his Feet  
 Had lately stood ; griping the Shag like one  
 Who takes a leap ; and thus I likewise seem'd  
 To be turn'd round. My Master wearied much,  
 80 And breathing short ; Observe well now, he said,  
 'Tis by such Stairs as these we must depart  
 This place of punishment. Soon through a hole,  
 In a rock form'd, he rose, and on its brim  
 Me sitting plac'd, he standing by my side.  
 85 I lifted up my eyes, and thought I should  
 See Lucifer in that state I'd him left :  
 But his Legs now were lifted up in th' air.  
 If I much disconcerted were become,  
 The ignorant may judge, who never saw  
 90 That central Point which lately I had pass'd.  
 Raise on your feet, my Master said, yourself ;  
 The way is long, the road is likewise bad ;  
 And now the Sun's to the third hour arriv'd.  
 The Place, where we were in, no Palace was,  
 95 But a rude Dungeon as by nature left ;  
 With rugged ground, and of Sol's rays depriv'd.  
 So soon as I was got out of th' Abyss,  
 Master, I said, when standing on my feet,  
 To clear my error talk with me awhile.  
 100 Where is the Ice ? and upside down how he  
 Is fixed thus ? and in so short a time,  
 How is the Sun from Even gone to Morn ?  
 And he replied ; You fancy that you still  
 Are on the Centre's other side, where I  
 105 Griped the shag of that fell Worm that bores  
 The world. So long as I descended, you  
 Was there ; but, when I turn'd my self, you pass'd  
 That Point to which all Bodies gravitate.  
 Now you are to this Hemisphere arriv'd,  
 110 Which is oppos'd to that, where the dry Earth  
 Covers a spice on whose top suffered  
 The Man who without sin was born and liv'd.  
 Your feet are standing now on that small Sphere  
 Which has on'ts other side Giudecca plac'd.  
 115 Here it is Morn, when there it Ev'ning is.  
 And He, whose hair afforded stairs to us,

Is yet fixt in that spot he always was.  
 He on this side that Point from Heaven fell.  
 And that Land which before this time was here,  
 120 Dreading him falling, sunk into the Sea,  
 And came to our Hemisphere; when, perhaps  
 Flying from him, this space was empty left,  
 And a new Land did in the void emerge.  
 A place there is to Belzebub's oppos'd,  
 125 Of the same largeness; and whose vast extent  
 Is not by sight, but by the sound well known  
 Of a small Riv'let made, which 'long a hole  
 Pierc'd in a rock by its own course, descends,  
 Not falling steep, but winding in its way.  
 130 My Guide and I, to the bright World attain,  
 Enter'd this secret path; nor took repose.  
 We leaped up, he first, I foll'wing him;  
 'Till through a space round formed I beheld  
 Those beauteous sights which are in Heav'n display'd:  
 135 And thence we rose to view again the Stars.

T H E E N D.

E R R A T A.

Canto IV. Line 119, for And, read A.

IX. 113, — Who're, — Thus.

XVIII. 40, — was — is.

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